

DETROIT'S BLUE-BEARD-HIS SEVENTEEN WIVES.

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
 THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
 Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE CAUGHT A TARTAR.

AN IRATE WOMAN GOES FOR AN ASSIGNATION HOUSE KEEPER AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



ESTABLISHED 1866.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

THE DUKE GETS DOWN OFF HIS HIGH HORSE.

It is seldom that a simple marriage ceremony, unattended with any incident of an exciting or dramatic character, is considered of sufficient importance to form a subject of illustration in the POLICE GAZETTE. In the marriage, however, of Mrs. Lillian Hamersley, a wealthy and beautiful New York lady, to the Duke of Marlborough by Mayor Hewitt of this city the other day, the GAZETTE was furnished a subject of more than usual interest. The story is told on our back page this week with a completeness of artistic detail that we feel confident will please the lively fancy of our millions of readers.

We confess there was nothing startling, nothing sensational, nothing, in fact, about this marriage which might be considered "spicy" in the GAZETTE's interpretation of that term, yet it has set society, both in this country and Europe, all agog, and the occurrence, considering the prominence of the principals and all the circumstances, was so unusual that no one will fail to be pleased with the treatment it has received from our artist.

Very many people will wonder, no doubt, what actuated the Duke of Marlborough to go to a Mayor to get married, when he must have known that in so doing he would thrust upon himself and his interesting better-half a great deal of unwelcome notoriety. Was the impulse that led him to do so the freak of an eccentric mind, or is the Duke's love of our democratic forms and customs so great that he was impelled to take this striking method of showing it? Whatever was his motive, he displayed admirable courage in performing an act in direct violation of the usages of fashionable society.

We have no doubt that the Duke will find his charming American wife the *beau ideal* of a woman, fitted to shine with honor to herself and her distinguished husband in the refined and exclusive circles of English aristocracy and nobility.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAWS.

A point of peculiar interest and importance to saloon-keepers was raised recently in the prosecution of liquor dealers in St. Louis. In the case of a saloon-keeper named Kieser, charged with violating the Sunday law, it appeared that the officer who filed the charge had entered Kieser's place on Sunday while disguised in citizen's dress and arrested the bartender, whom he caught violating the law. Kieser testified that he had given the bartender orders not to sell any intoxicants on Sunday, that he was absent from the saloon on the Sunday in question, and that if the bartender sold liquor he (Kieser) was not aware of it. The Judge before whom the case was tried charged the jury that as the liquor was sold in the absence of the defendant by his employee and servant, against the express instruction of the defendant, the jury must find him not guilty. The Judge's charge was based on two rulings of the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, which, since the precise language of these rulings is of special importance in this connection, we copy, *verbalis et literatim*, as follows: "When the liquor charged in the information to have been sold was sold in the absence of the defendant and against the instructions of the defendant, he cannot be held liable."

The jury remained out a few minutes, and returned with a verdict in accordance with the Court's instructions.

FOOLISH FLACK.

Another life has been sacrificed in the foolhardy attempt to perform a reckless and dangerous feat. We refer to the fate of Robert W. Flack, who lost his life on July 4, while trying to navigate the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls. Feats of this kind should invariably be discouraged. Their accomplishment does nobody any good, and unnecessarily puts the lives of those who attempt them in peril. They cannot be classed among the wholesome sports or feats of strength, endurance or skill. Robert W. Flack has no one to blame but himself in uselessly sacrificing his life to gain what after all might have proved only temporary notoriety. We pity the unfortunate man, but hope his fate will prove a warning to others who may be eager to emulate his example by putting their lives in jeopardy in the vain and foolish attempt to accomplish feats that all lovers of genuine sport cannot but severely condemn.

WHAT 25 CENTS WILL BUY.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

MASKS AND FACES

"Hold Me Up High!"...Plays
New and Old.

"LA CUENCA."

The Letter Paper of Actresses--
Trumble on Mansfield.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

"Hold me up high. My bathing suit will get wet!"

That's what burlesquer Tollie Turnover remarked to her male companion in the biliows at Coney Island last week.

A big crowd watched the interesting couple. Her bathing suit, of red and black, fitted her like a glove.

What did she care whether or not that crowd saw the finely moulded outlines of her form! Tollie laughed heartiest. She didn't like to get too wet, but she did want some fun.

Town, with its hot pavements, deserted promenades, its withered parks, its cheap hotels, its idlers and corner loafers, was far from Tollie's thoughts just then.

Heid in a strong man's arms, half in fear and half in ecstasy, Tollie saw the surging waves toss and roll in the sunlight.

Tollie cared no more for theatrical gossip just then than she did for the empty sardine boxes which the waves brought in on the beach and, anon, washed out again.

And yet, to give theatrical gossip is a part of our business, whether Tollie like it or no, so sit back in your chair, fan yourself judiciously, and listen.

Harry Dixey is to sit for his portrait to Whistler of London.

The comedian took his costume with him, so the artist can proceed to paint where he left off.

"Can't you, in your mind's eye, imagine Dixey doing impromptu dances on the polished parquet of that elegant studio?

I hope the sea trip won't make Dixey's tights shrink too much.

My friend Blowhard, of Chicago, informs me that "The Paymaster," a play running there, carries five tons of scenery.

With our national fondness for bigness, will the day ever come when our managers will speak of the pints of sham tears wept by their leading emotionalists, the number of tights worn out by their burlesque dancers, the price of the wigs of their old women, and the various sizes of the shoes of walking gentlemen?

Steele Mackaye appears to have made a midsummer hit with "A Noble Rogue," if telegraphic notelets lie not.

He impersonates the part of a well-born scamp, in whom bad associations have not killed the nobler instincts.

But how Mackaye works when he acts in earnest!

At this time of the year I don't like to see an actor work too hard.

When I do see a fellow work too hard at a piece of art, I'm always reminded of the pianist Leopold de Meyer and what the Grand Duke said to him.

It's a chestnut, I suppose, and raspberries are more in season than chestnuts just now, but here goes:

Leopold de Meyer was playing some years ago before the Archduke of Austria, and in his desire to please his illustrious auditor, exerted himself so much that he perspired at every pore.

At the conclusion of the concert the Archduke designed to express the wish that the artist be presented to him.

"Monsieur," blandly remarked His Imperial Highness; "I have heard Thalberg" (a pause, and a low bow from the pianist), "I have heard Liszt" (another pause, and a still lower bow from the pianist); "but I have never met with any one" (a third and a most humbly profound bow from the pianist) "who perspired as profusely as you do!"

Elle Ellsler is among us again.

She made her re-appearance in "The Keepsake"—and a most tasteless gown—at the Madison Square theatre.

Miss Ellsler takes the part of a young wife who has a

fantastic inclination for a young artist instead of an

honest love for a prosaic, middle-aged husband.

The lover comes to see her at night, when the husband unexpectedly disturbs their protestations of devotion and knocks at the door.

The usual scene.

The wife gazes around wildly with dishevelled hair and agonized look.

The lover takes to his heels and escapes by the window.

The husband is persuaded that everything is all right.

But, unluckily, the lover in his jump from the window

drops a locket, a keepsake, given him by the giddy wife.

What's the difference?

Clinton Stuart, the playwright, makes everything end happily.

Elle Ellsler was best in the hysterical part of her role, where, face to face with her husband, she makes him believe green is yellow and red is indigo.

In the meanwhile her nerves are strung to their utmost tension, and her dress is exhibited in all its ugliness.

The hit of the play was made by Frank Weston, who impersonated the husband.

Injured husbands, especially in Paris, get little sympathy from the audiences; but this fellow, by his cool, calm manner, his dry humor, and his general good-natured bearing, assuredly did.

The lover, played by Waldon Ramsey, was exceedingly commonplace.

Mr. Ramsey dressed his part solemnly in black, had on a very "dizzy" beard, and his face during some of the most interesting parts of the performance had about as much expression as ten cents worth of oat meal.

Mr. Vanderfelt was a virile young officer, May Woolcott a promising, young and graceful ingenue and Mr. Bangs, a stern and yet a tender old general.

I hear that Miss Woolcott is a clever crayon artist.

One of her best works is a portrait of Joseph Jefferson, a veteran with whom she played during six seasons.

A bit of Spain, that's what we've seen at Koester & Bial's this week.

The bit, in this case, was a young woman, La Cuenca, dark-eyed, dark-skinned, a gile-limbed and small-waisted.

This girl, who had been a success at the Cirque Nouveau, Paris, did two specialties here.

She danced, not a conventional fancy dance, but the country dances of Spain.

It was a refreshing novelty.

Then La Cuenca went through the pantomime of a bull fight.

She was dressed for the purpose in a tight-fitting, drab costume, a natty black cape and top boots. She wore a kind of a Tam o' Shanter on her head.

It was picturesque sight.

There was life in all her gestures and fire in her eyes.

Irene gasped and died.

The heroine of the play called "Irene," I mean, given a trial performance at the Madison Square.

For a moment I thought Boston might like that play by Mr. S. Miller Kent.

In the first place, Mr. S. Miller Kent, physically, would appeal to Boston.

He parts his hair and his name in the middle.

He dresses well, looks well, and acts easily.

But the reason why Boston might like "Irene" is because the play has a mystery of motive in it that would please a metaphysician.

A fellow feels like asking the "Whichness of the whither?" during the four acts of this society melodrama.

We are left in the dark until the very last.

Grace Henderson played the title role, Irene, in her usual stagey fashion, but she's a looker and a dresser, and that goes for much nowadays.

Mr. Charles B. Welles, who was the Italian nobleman, the villain of the play, frustrated in love and seeking revenge, did notably well.

But he might have cultivated a more defined accent and dressed more appropriately.

Alexander Salvini could have played that villainous Italian to perfection.

He was a spectator in the audience that afternoon.

He must take care and not get too fat.

A little less macaroni, caromico, a little more exercise.

The comedy portions of "Irene" gave a fellow the blues.

Lillian Chantore, an interesting girl, was handicapped with stupid lines.

Charley Bowser, trying to play genteel comedy, was way off—as far as New York is from San Francisco.

Bowser ought to stick to roles like the irascible lawyer, in "Baron Rudolph," or the amorous major, in "His Lordship," and he'd hit it.

Then he would be in his element.

Companies for the coming season are slowly being formed and individual engagements made.

Stella Rees, who played *Parthenia* and *Virginia* with Robert Dowling, is going to star.

Harry Lee will remain at McVicker's, Chicago, ten weeks, and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be supported by Lily Post and Ada Somers.

Mrs. Potter, now having new gowns made in Paris, will play in "Ruy Blas," "Twixt Axe and Crown," "Lady of Lyons" and "Cleopatra" next season.

Can you picture her as the voluptuous queen of Egypt, the woman who made a fellow like Anthony dawdle away his time and his empire in her arms?

Lottie Church will be the leading actress in "The Ruling Passion," and Marion Elmore will do a street waltz in "The Stowaway" next season.

Bits of news:

H. R. Jacobs will have twelve dramatic companies under his control in the fall. Henry E. Abbey has retired from the management of Wallack's. Nate Salbury has grown whiskers. The wife of Manager Norton, of the Grand Opera House, St. Louis, eloped with journalist Moore.

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS FOR 25 CENTS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

One of the best benefit performances I have attended in a long time was that tendered to T. J. McGuire at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Hugh Dougherty was very funny in his political stump speech. Schoolcraft and Coes, the perennial couple, held the big audience in a firm grip.

Eben Plympton played Romeo in the ball scene to the Juliet of Miss Ada Webster Ward.

The intentions of that lady were good, doubtless, but her elocution and conception of the

poet's lines were not.

Julian Mitchell, Jean Canfield and Charley Reed appeared in a negro skit called "Extremes," and Van Aukens and Long made things lively as gymnasts.

Ferguson and Mack bawled away at each other in their usual plucky way, and Dr. C. M. Richmond gave the audience "Fifteen Minutes" of his time.

Annie Hart caught the boys by her clever imitation of the ways, tones and gestures of a tough, and by the agility of her well-shaped legs in the dance.

Altogether, the benefit was a success.

If anything dimmed the brightness of the occasion it was the fact that Alvin Joselyn Davis, who sat in a box, hadn't all his big diamonds on that evening.

Manly Jack Barnes will support Mary Anderson next season.

Minnie Williams will sing and dance and look pretty in "The Kitty."

Jos. Haworth is in Cleveland studying his part in Mary H. Fliske's new play.

Sallie Cohen will star with "Two Old Crones" next season.

Alice Harrison is studying new negro dances for her new *Topaz* to be seen next month.

She will appear barefoot and show bare legs.

The postman with a letter.

That reminds me.

Sadie Martinot uses odd letter paper.

Each sheet has a small, fine etching of herself, in afternoon walking costume, in the upper left corner.

Louise Dillon writes on thin parchment paper.

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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



Gus Freund.

The portrait which heads out column this week is that of Mr. Gus Freund, manager of the Savannah baseball club. He is thirty-three years of age, and was born and raised in Savannah. He is well-to-do, and one of the most prominent sporting men in the South, being a great backer of all athletic sports.

The Brooklyns are dubbed throughout the West as the \$125,000 beauties.

The Louisvilles have braced up in such a style as to make their opponents' hair stand on end.

Valentine says that Anson, by his sarcasm, has made his life miserable.

"Vally" must have lost all his backbone to allow Anson to annoy him in the least.

Robinson, of the Jackson, Mich., club, is now contemplating writing a book entitled "How to Drop Your Salary," or "The Way a Man Can Be Bleed by Fines," as the day he was released he received \$305, the rest of

his salary having been swallowed up in fines.

Chris Von der Ahe has suspended Boyle for having more lip than the law allows. The trouble is that when Boyle's mouth gets to going it goes so fast that he has no control over it, and he is liable to say things that he "hadn't ought to."

What makes Dunlap so quiet? It certainly cannot be that broken jaw of his, as he is not one of the kind to stop chinning on account of such a trifling thing.

Murphy, of the Syracuse club, is a very fair pitcher, but he is such a foul-mouthed, disagreeable devil that but few men care to have anything to do with him. Some men think it looks big to be a blackguard.

Gardner may be shoved around from pillar to post, but he always manages to catch on, and in pretty good shape at that. Here when everybody thought he was on his uppers for the remainder of the season he looks up in the Easton club at \$350 per month.

If hard grog has ever persecuted a ball player that man is Lew Dickerson, now suspended by the London, Canada, club. He is so used to being suspended, however, that he don't mind it any more than a mosquito bite.

Conway of the Bostons does not remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, but he thinks it is a long time between games.

Peoples, of the Brooklyns, umpired the Cincinnati-Baltimore game of June 29, in which the latter won by 7 to 1, and the papers of that city were cowardly enough to intimate that he gave all close decisions to Baltimore in order to help the Brooklyn club in the race. Still, the full score they publish gives the Cincinnati four single hits, while they credit Baltimore with nine and a total of fourteen. Is it any wonder that none of the Association umpires want to umpire in Cincinnati? The club must own the reporters, body and soul, as every time a game is lost the poor umpire gets all the blame and is roasted alive, while the players who do the bum work are allowed to go unnoticed.

Money is no object to the Brooklyn club management if they can only win the championship. They have often heard about pennants, and now they would like to see what one would look like floating from their flag staff.

Milwaukee could not have been "struck" on their pitcher very badly or they would hardly have let him go.

It cost Denny Lyons \$5 to throw the ball down on the ground to show Gaffney how rank his decision was.

The Athletics and Cincinnati had a monkey and

parrot time July 5 over a game of ball, but Umpire Doescher was equal to the emergency, and fined Welch and Larkin \$50 each and Weyhing \$200, besides soaking it to Tebeau, Fennelly and Keenan with stiff fines. They simply made a mistake in their man.

If Van Haltren had not won last Saturday's game in Boston, he threatened to resign from the Chicago team and go back to California.—*St. Louis Republican*. That would have been simply shocking. Oh! Mamma let me down easy. How these Eastern fellows do bat.

The debut of Ford, of the Chattanooga, in Mansfield, was far from flattering, as the Zanesvilles landed on him for sixteen hits, with a total of twenty-eight.

There is such a thing as taking the law in your own hands, but it does not always prove profitable. The Minneapolis club played baseball on Sunday in the face of a restraining order of court, but they were not quite so fly when they were hauled up for contempt.

The poor Pittsburg club gets jacked by its home partners worse than any club in the country. They certainly have a hard row to hoe.

The great success of the Brooklyn club on their present western trip knocked Manager McGonigle out completely, and he had to take to his bed to recruit.

St. Paul has handsome new suits of black doeskin pants, white tunnel shirts, black caps and black silk stockings.—*Sporting Life*. They must be ladies. How do they arrange matters when it comes to sliding bases? Do they take their pants off, or don't they slide?

Well, maybe the Kalamazoo club did not give their catcher a "Whalen" when they fined him \$100 and suspended him for insubordination.

Jack Glasscock says "because he accidentally spiked Tiernan in the hand recently, every man in the New York team tried his best to jump on him while he was guarding second base." Oh! come off; don't be a cur. There was nothing accidental about the spiking of Tiernan. It was simply deliberate and malicious. Tiernan had made his slide and was lying with one hand on the base before Glasscock caught the ball, and in order to spike Tiernan he had to take three or four steps. Everybody on the ground saw it, and they hissed him for his cowardly work.

Chicago made the same discovery this year that New York did four or five years ago—that two clubs in the same city and under the same management is not a paying scheme. The New York club management lost money hand over fist on the Metropolitans in 1883, and although they won the American Association championship in 1884, they again lost heavily, and the season of 1885 proved so disastrous that they would have disbanded the team had they not sold it to Erastus Wiman. It takes good ball playing and bitter opposition to make two first-class clubs thrive in the same city.

Some men never know when they have enough. Christman, of the Columbus club, was not satisfied with getting hit with a bat, but had to fall down and break his right shoulder blade, and then kicked because he wasn't hurt only worse.

So a silver ball has been offered by a Detroit firm to the Wolverine for stealing the most bases. Well, it will about stay in the hands of the donor, as it is almost impossible to

get one of these ice wagons off a base until he is knocked off.

The rivalry between Newark and Jersey City is so great that the patrons of the game in Jersey City would rather see their club beat the Newarkers out in the series than to win the championship of the Central League.

Manager Harman, of the Oswego, started the season by borrowing twenty-five cents to pay for a telegram, and now travels around with nine players and his club leads the League.—*New York Press*. That's nothing. There was a fellow in New York that started out by borrowing the contents of a safe, and now he resides in a magnificent palace on the banks of the Hudson, where he entertains thousands of friends from year to year, and lives in such luxury that he never leaves the premises.

Boston expects to pay visiting clubs \$50,000 this season.—*Exchange*. Yes; and there are other people who expect to make good all they have borrowed, but expecting and doing are two different things.

Manager Fisher, of the Hamilton club, is worse than an old woman without any teeth. He has protested two games—one because one of his players was not allowed to take his base when hit by a pitched ball, and the other it is hard to tell for what reason, unless they were wretched too soon.

Buckley of the Indianapolis club is such a favorite in Hoosierdom that when he made a home run off Madden, of the Bostons, a wealthy gentleman became so enthusiastic that he sacrificed his own stomach and threw his favorite of the diamond field a whole five cent bag of peanuts from the private box he occupied.

That tobacco game was almost the ruination of both Frank Morton and Mike Flaherty, for ever since then they have been run to death by the leading baseball managers of the country. The competition for their services is really amusing, and reminds one of a couple of worms among a flock of chickens, all tugging in a different direction. The New Yorks have the bulge on Flaherty, as he has partially pledged himself to sign, although he is still holding off till he sees how much money Morton signs for, as he feels that he is just as valuable a man as Morton and it would be beneath his dignity to play for a smaller amount. On the other hand, Morton, the crack sprinter, has a badly swollen

head, and although he had been offered \$8,000 for the remainder of the season, he holds a stiff upper lip and positively refuses to sign for less than \$10,000. While they are both expert players, and probably the best in the business, the style in which they are acting has the appearance of a very serious case of swelled head, and it is feared by their most intimate friends in the tobacco trade that it will drive them to drink. It is to be hoped, however, that nothing so serious will occur, as they are both estimable gentlemen, and it would be a great blow to society if either should be seen drinking beer.

Talk about lawyers' fees, they are mild when it comes to a consultation with an umpire. Some lawyers will let you talk baseball all day for a five or ten, but it cost Hartnett of the Toronto \$90 to talk three minutes to Umpire Ben Young, and then he didn't get any satisfaction.

Oh! for mercy sake will some professional body please be kind enough to adopt Lichten's millenium plan, so that we can have a breathing spell on the high salary question?

Vian, Baldwin and Reilly were each fined \$25 for their dirty work on the morning of July 4, in delaying the game until the rain came on, and thus defrauding the Brooklyn club out of a game that they would have otherwise won.

Poor management knocked the Memphis club higher than a kite. Men who embark in a baseball enterprise should at least know something about the business or keep their hands off.

"Lady" Baldwin, Detroit's left-hander, is getting strong of arm again, and he will use it within a few days.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. That comes from sweating and not bathing. By the time he is ready to go into the box and pitch again it is doubtful if there is a man in the League who will be able to stand up in front of him.

Sullivan, of the Birminghams, put up for Powell, of the New Orleans team, but it was his foot instead of his hand, and before he could rectify the mistake Powell decorated both his eyes. Mistakes will happen in the best of regulated families.

What! Two games from Detroit in one day and not an error! Can it be possible they hail from Gotham? Is it any wonder Anson is quaking in his shoes?

There is nothing slow about the Columbus club directors, as they have adopted a resolution to fine any player found drunk \$500, and to fine Manager Curry \$50 for every failure to report a drunken player. They are in for business, and if they don't make money one way they will do it another way.

Clarkson has injured a toe, and fears that it is broken.—*New York Press*. Oh! poor fellow: that is too bad. How he must suffer! It is to be hoped it don't prove serious, as they say the Bostons paid \$10,000 for him. Why don't he have it examined by a doctor? It could easily be done by soaking it in chloride of lime over night.

There are two or three of the New Yorks who are kicking like uncles because they do not get a chance to play as often as they would desire. They had better take warning by Joe Gerhardt, who had the same kind of a soft snap—a big salary and nothing to do—but he beefed around for his release until President Day finally got tired of his bellyaching and gave him his release, and Joe to this day regrets his folly. Come, boys, take a drop and let well enough alone, as you may go further and fare worse.

Pittsburgh seems to be in hard luck, as the New Yorks sooner shifted Elmer Cleveland off upon their hands until he was taken with a severe attack of malaria.

JUNE.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Indianapolis district conference, Indiana Conference, of the M. E. Church, closed a three days' session Wednesday night at Centre Point, Ind. About fifteen Methodist clergymen and two ladies, who had been in attendance at the conference, were driven in carriages from Centre Point to the station, where they were to take the train to Brazil. The carriages were then driven back. The ministers waited and waited, but no train came. Presently a hand-car came trundling down the road from Brazil, and one of the passengers aboard, saying the assemblage upon the platform, shouted:

"Pat are yez waiting on!"

"Why, the train, man—the train from the south. We want to go to Brazil."

"Well, sor, this is the only train y'all see on this track to-day."

The ministers were in a predicament. Their only alternative was to foot it. A number of them did so, while several others jumped aboard the hand-car and in this way reached their destination.

HIS FATAL INFATUATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible tragedy occurred in Jersey City, N. J., on Sunday last. People living in the neighborhood of Henderson and Fifth street were startled by hearing two pistol shots in rapid succession. The neighborhood is thickly populated, and in a few minutes about 500 people were gathered in front of Coffey's grocery store, on the northeast corner, discussing a terrible scene which had been enacted inside. The information soon spread that Coffey had killed a woman and shot himself. The woman in question was Mrs. Smith, with whom Coffey is said to have become infatuated. Coffey also shot himself, but he will probably recover.

BEN GAZWAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Ben Gazway is an old time resident and one of the most prominent citizens of Omaha, Neb. In sporting circles he is a general favorite. He is a man of his word, and ready to put up his good money on any game from a horse race to a good old-style "mill" with the "dukes."

CAMPAIGN CLUBS WANT THEM.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Robert A. Haggerty

Was re-elected President and Chief of the New Jersey State Detective Bureau at the annual meeting of the association, held in Newark a few weeks back. The Bureau has its headquarters at 300 Broad street, that city. Mr. Haggerty has held his present position since the organization of the Bureau ten years ago. The evening following the election a banquet was held at South Rutherford, when Mayor Haynes, on behalf of the citizens of Newark, presented Chief Haggerty with a massive gold shield costing \$250. It bears on its face the words, "Chief of the New Jersey Detective Bureau," and on the reverse side an inscription bearing the date of presentation and setting forth that it was given to Chief Haggerty by the citizens of Newark in recognition of twenty-five years' faithful service as a detective.

Annie Ahrend.

One of the worst cases of depravity that has come to light for some time occurred in Newark, N. J., a few days ago, when Annie Ahrend attempted to poison her father, mother, brother and sister by putting "Rough on Rats" in their coffee. On being arrested, Annie said that a girl named Rose Sheridan, aged thirteen, who lives near the Ahrends, had often spoken to her about poison, and informed her how some made people sick and others killed them.

Charles May.

Was born in Columbus, O., Jan. 20, 1858. He made his first appearance before the public as a song-and-dance artist in Cincinnati, in 1872. He became a favorite from the start, and the better he is known the more popular he becomes. He became proprietor of the opera house in Nashville, Tenn., which bears his name, on Feb. 19, 1877. Here, as in the old days in Cincinnati, he has made a brilliant success. He is a clever manager, a genial companion, well liked and well spoken of by all who know him.

Duncan Wright.

Duncan Wright is an active member of the Scranton, Pa., Caledonian Club. He was born sixty-eight years ago, in Hamilton, Scotland. He came to America in 1852, and settled in Philadelphia. On the organization of the first Caledonian club in that city, Mr. Wright was made president. He moved to Scranton in 1866, and shortly after helped organize the Caledonian Club there, of which he is now one of the most popular members. He is by trade a pattern maker, and is in the employ of the Scranton Stove Works.

Charles A. Pitcher.

Financial circles in Providence were greatly excited a few days ago by the announcement of a breach of trust so great as to probably wreck one of the oldest moneyed institutions of the city, the Union Bank. On going into the bank it was found that all the cash on hand at close of banking hours Saturday, \$20,000 in amount and securities worth half a million dollars, were gone. The flight from the city on Saturday afternoon of Charles A. Pitcher, the teller, explained the theft. Pitcher is about 45. He had been in the employ of the bank about seventeen years. The greater portion of the stolen notes and bills are not negotiable, but the loss of them will embarrass the bank temporarily at least.

Scott Partin.

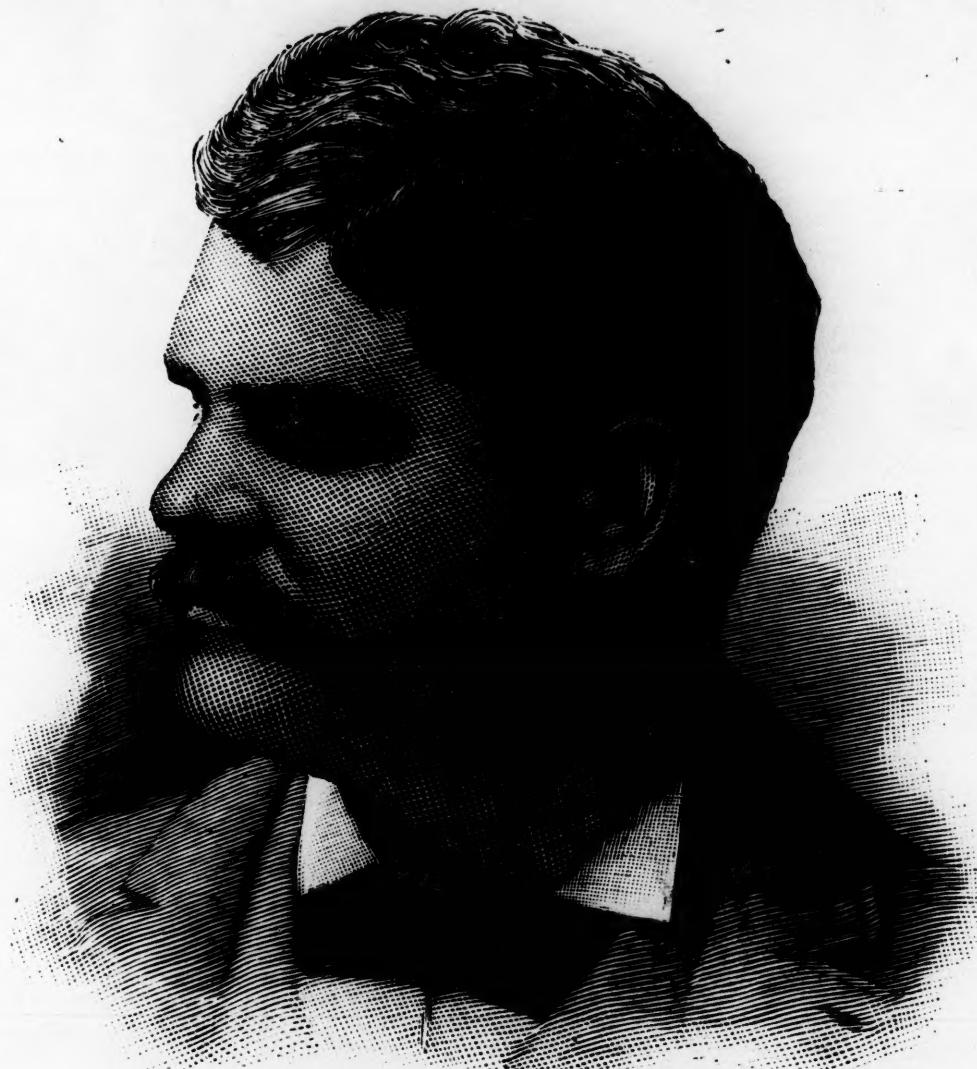
A few days ago there was arrested at Selma, Ala., a tramp, on suspicion of being Scott Partin, a famous and inhuman murderer, who has been a fugitive from justice for the past thirteen years. Partin killed his wife and child in 1865, at Garner's Station, near Raleigh, N. C. The crime is remembered as one of the most revolting ever committed in that section. The unfortunate woman was cut to pieces and her legs broken in order to enable her brutal husband to place the body in a bag, which, with its ghastly contents, was found embedded in the mud and mire in a marshy field near the location of the murder.

Dr. Thomas Barrowman.

The present chief of the Scranton Caledonian club, was born near Glasgow, Scotland, and is now in his 48th year. He arrived in this country with his parents when very young. His parents having located in Scranton it has been his home ever since. In the late war he, with his two brothers, enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment, P. V., and served until the close. In 1869-70 he attended the University Medical College in New York, and ultimately branched into the drug business, in which he has been very successful, and now owns one of the finest drug stores in Northern Pennsylvania. He stands high in Masonic orders, and is a distinguished member of the Grand Army.

THE HANDSOMEST IN THE MARKET.

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CHARLES MAY,
A POPULAR SONG AND DANCE ARTIST AND PROPRIETOR OF MAY'S OPERA HOUSE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



BLANCHE WALSH,
THE PRETTY AND TALENTED YOUNG AMATEUR ACTRESS WHO IS IN DEMAND BY
OUR METROPOLITAN MANAGERS.



MET CAPT. WEBB'S FATE.
ROBERT W. FLACK MEETS A TERRIBLE DEATH IN TRYING TO NAVIGATE THE DREADED WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT NIAGARA FALLS.



FOUGHT THEM OFF.
THEODORE CASTOR'S TERRIBLE HAND TO-HAND STRUGGLE WITH THE DROST GANG
OF HOUSEBREAKERS NEAR DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

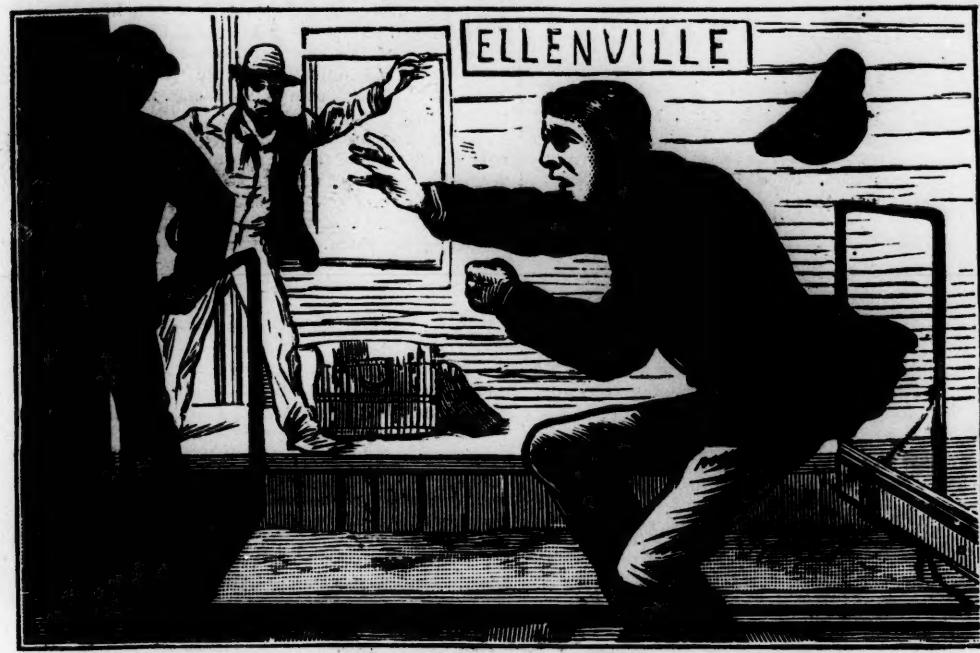


ALLOWED TIME TO PRAY.
LYNCHERS KNEEL AN HOUR WITH MURDERER J. W. MITCHELL AT SYRACUSE, KAN.,
AND THEN DELIBERATELY HANG HIM.



DONE UP THE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

A BULLET FROM A PISTOL IN A VALISE DANGEROUSLY WOUNDS A RAILROAD EMPLOYEE AT NORTH VERNON, INDIANA.



HIS FOOT SLIPPED.

PETER RICHARDS, AN ELLENVILLE, N. Y., YOUTH, MEETS WITH A FATAL ACCIDENT WHILE MAKING A FOOLHARDY JUMP.



FRANK JAMES' RECEPTION.

THE NOTED EX-BANDIT IS WELCOMED BACK TO THE SCENES OF HIS EARLY EX-PLOITS NEAR ADAIRVILLE, KENTUCKY.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

A MINISTERIAL PARTY NEAR INDIANAPOLIS, IND., GET DISGUSTED WITH LATE TRAINS AND PURSUE THEIR JOURNEY ON FOOT.



A BRAVE OFFICER'S MURDER.

FRANK BROUTY, AN ALLEGED TOUGH CHARACTER OF MT. VERNON, N. Y., KILLS CONSTABLE WOOD TO AVOID BEING TAKEN IN.



KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

A BOLT OF ELECTRICITY FATALLY STRIKES MR. SAMUEL A. GARNER, A WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT OF LEON, IOWA.

LYNCHED.

The Murderers of Marshal Bentley, at Chetopa, Kan., Hanged by a Mob.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HANG ME?"

A Self-Convicted Murderer Dies On the Spot Where He Committed the Crime.

MURDER IN MONTANA.



ARSONS, KAN., June 27. John Risbee and Wyley Lee, two colored men, who were arrested at Chetopa last evening for shooting City Marshal Wm. Bentley and Deputy Ed Martin, were lynched this morning at two o'clock by a mob of several hundred citizens of Chetopa. The prisoners were in the hands of Sheriff Wilson and a guard, who attempted to take them to the county jail at Oswego, on the north-bound Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train about midnight last night, but the streets were full of excited and angry people, who notified him that the prisoners must not be taken out of town until a preliminary examination was held. Wilson telegraphed to the County Attorney, and returned to the city and placed the prisoners in the City Hall. In the meantime the crowd in the streets swelled by the addition of hundreds, who, learning of the trouble, flocked in from the country, armed with shotguns and whatever weapons they could find. The streets were packed full of people for a distance of three squares on each side of the place where the prisoners were.

About 12:30 o'clock a report was circulated through the crowd that Deputy Marshal Martin had just died from his wounds, and Marshal Bentley was dying. The crowd became wild with rage, and threats of lynching were freely made. Sheriff Wilson doubled the guard over the prisoners, who, struck with terror, begged him to protect them.

About 1 o'clock a mysterious moving was noticed in the crowd, and a few moments later the electric light was suddenly extinguished and a moment later somebody in the crowd in front of the City Hall shouted: "They are coming." The crowd gave way, and a company of about eighty masked men filed through it and up the stairs into the City Hall. Sheriff Wilson fought desperately to protect his prisoners, and severely wounded one of the mob in the face by a blow from his revolver. He and his guard were soon overpowered and the mob had possession.

The prisoners were handcuffed together and had crouched down under the table. They were dragged out and ropes placed around their necks. They begged most piteously for mercy, but the mob was determined to do its work. A few moments were granted to them to say a prayer, and they fell on their knees and prayed most earnestly.

About 2 o'clock they had finished their prayers, and the mob seized them again and rushed them out of the City Hall into the Chetopa Statesman office adjoining. The window on the north side of the room was kicked out, and the doomed men carried and stood in it. The ropes were tied to a piece of timber, and suddenly the men jumped forward, while an involuntary exclamation of horror came from the crowd. The men dropped back against the side of the building with their faces toward the crowd and their feet about 3 feet from the ground.

Risbee's neck was broken by the fall and he died without a struggle, but Lee was slowly strangled to death. He was handcuffed to Risbee, and made a desperate effort to raise his hands to catch the rope, but Risbee's weight held them down. His tongue protruded from his mouth, and the sight was most ghastly and revolting. The crowd slowly dispersed, leaving them hanging, and it was not until 9 o'clock this morning, on arrival of the coroner, that they were cut down. Hundreds visited the scene this morning.

A coroner's jury was impaneled and is now engrossed hearing testimony in regard to the affair. The coroner, a colored man, says he is determined to find who composed the mob. Colored people are indignant over the matter, but the general verdict is that the men deserved to die, but the manner of their death is deplored. Risbee is a noted tough character, but Lee, his cousin, was counted a good sort of a fellow.

The crime for which they suffered death was committed last evening about 5 o'clock. Risbee, while intoxicated, rode his horse into a barbershop belonging to a colored man named Weir, who swore out a warrant for his arrest for disturbing the peace. Marshal Bentley took the warrant and attempted to arrest him, but Risbee overpowered him and beat him in a severe manner.

Bentley returned to the City Hall and deputized ex-Marshall Martin to assist him to make the arrest. They returned to the western part of the city, where Risbee was, and told him that they had come to take him, as they had a warrant for him. Risbee immediately drew a revolver and fired at Bentley. The ball struck him in the forehead and caused him to fall immediately. Martin was shot in the back by Lee and fell. The two

GET THEM WHEN YOU CAN.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

advanced toward the prostrate men, discharging their revolvers at them. Five balls struck Martin and three Bentley. Two bullets entered Martin's breast just below the collar bone, while a third took effect in the left breast near the heart. The others struck his arm and side. His wounds are regarded fatal.

Bentley's worst wound is on his forehead, but the ball glanced around to the left ear, and is not considered fatal.

the Home Stake is at a high pitch. Two deputy sheriffs from Butte also went on the trail. The Cartwrights have lived a very quarrelsome life. It is said Cartwright was on one of his drunken sprees when he did his deadly work of this morning. His wife was about forty years of age. This was her fourth husband. Both parties lived in Butte about a year ago. They were constantly getting into rows, and were a source of much trouble in the police court.

over a bar of railroad iron to be used as a ram against the walls. The demand for the keys was again made upon the Sheriff, and he again refused. The crowd then advanced upon the Sheriff, but, fearing he would lose the keys against such odds, he had left. The mob gave chase, and the Sheriff threw the keys away. After a short time the keys were found, and the crowd returned to the jail, and, opening the doors, brought out the prisoner, who piteously inquired:

"Are you going to hang me sure?"

He was taken to the spot where he committed the murder, where he again made his confession, but this time he stated that he alone was responsible for the murder, and that Oscar Johnson had nothing whatever to do with it. He was given time to pray, and, kneeling, the mob followed his example, and he prayed aloud for nearly an hour, calling for forgiveness and moaning about his victim. He was then taken across the railroad track, where the rope was placed around his neck, the knot being tied in the most approved hangman style, and was swung to a telegraph pole, 20 feet in the air, without resistance on his part. He died without a struggle.

At 8 o'clock the coroner arrived, the body was cut down and an inquest was held, but no one could be found who knew anything about it. Mitchell's home was at Hazelton, Barbour county, and his relatives have been telegraphed. He was a worthless fellow, and the people of Syracuse, while regretting the manner of his taking off, say that he received his deserts.

WEDDED LIKE PLAIN FOLKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Lillian Hamersley, one of the richest and most beautiful widows in America, is now a duchess. Hereafter she will preside over Blenheim Castle, England, as the bride of the Duke of Marlborough. The marriage of this distinguished couple was performed by Mayor A. S. Hewitt, of New York city, in his office, on the 29th ult.

New York society has been in a flutter for a long time over the rumors of the coming marriage. But now the flutter has become a whirl, because instead of an orthodox aristocratic wedding, such as would be expected, this was the most democratic marriage contract that could be imagined. There were no brides-maids, neither was there a clergyman. Mayor Hewitt is the first magistrate of New York who ever created a duchess.

The Duke of Marlborough met Mrs. Hamersley last October. He began immediately to pay her great attention, and during the month following he was frequently in her company. He expressed his love for her before he sailed for England last November. "It was a case of love at first sight," said the Duke's closest American friend to a reporter yesterday. The tender feelings were reciprocated by the widow, and letters were exchanged each week. Marriage had been contemplated for some time, but not until six weeks ago was the formal proposition accepted; although Mrs. Hamersley had previously intimated to some of her friends that she might become a duchess. As soon as the Duke's proposal had been accepted his Grace began to prepare to receive his bride. Blenheim Castle was given over to mechanics, and they are still at work adding to it all the touches that make a home attractive. No American bride has ever been taken to a more beautiful home than the Duchess of Marlborough will enter next month.

FOUGHT THEM OFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A local Jesse James gang was broken up Wednesday night in Grand Traverse county, near Detroit, Mich., with quite sensational accompaniments. In Mayfield Township five brothers by the name of Drost have lived for some years. They have always borne a bad name and were a terror to the whole surrounding country. About a week ago Theodore Castor, a young married farmer living in Mayfield Township sold a yoke of oxen for \$130. Monday, while working out his highway tax on the road with his neighbors, he told "Dirk" Drost of this sale. Wednesday night, as Castor was about going to bed some one knocked at his door. He asked who was there. A man answered that he wanted a drink. Castor's wife begged him not to admit the callers. While they were talking two men with blackened faces burst open the door, blew out the light, and fired a revolver at Castor. He sprang out of the door into the yard. The men followed, seized him, and demanded his money. After a sharp struggle he succeeded in breaking away from his assailants and got back into the house. He barricaded the door, sat up the remainder of the night with a shotgun to defend himself against further attack.

YOU HAVE KILLED ME!

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some time ago a couple of boys in S. B. Knight's employ, at Tampa, Fla., became involved in a quarrel with John Belk's two boys, both sides being taken up by Knight and Belk respectively. This, coupled with a bad feeling already existing between them about a sum of money, amounting to \$12.50, which Knight owed Belk, served to widen the breach considerably. On yesterday Belk, who gets under the influence of liquor at times, sent a very insulting message to Knight about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The message was delivered by a man named Hunter in Knight's employ. On receiving the message Knight hastened to where Belk was sitting on Justice Barney Branch's court-room steps, and, walking up to Belk with a pistol in his hand, said: "John, what in the h—l did you send such a message to me for?" and without waiting for an answer poked the pistol within a few inches of Belk's left side and fired. Belk jumped up, and, staggering backward, exclaimed: "You have killed me!" Knight did not fire but one shot.

KILLED ON THE DIAMOND FIELD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Grainer, age twenty-two, of Brockton, Mass., on Saturday afternoon, while umpiring a game of ball, was struck in the neck by a pitched ball. He fell, but continued in the game until it was finished. He was then taken home, and while entering the house was overcome by dizziness and died shortly afterward.

DONE UP THE BAGGAGE-SMASHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Moneray, a railroad hand employed by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad company at North Vernon, Ind., while handling some baggage, was dangerously wounded in the breast by a ball from a pistol in a valise which he was throwing into a baggage car. It is supposed that the pistol had been carelessly left cocked when placed in the satchel.

THE MEN DROPPED BACK AGAINST THE BUILDING, FACING THE CROWD.

lying on the floor in a pool of blood. The man returned to town and told what he saw. In a short time two armed parties of miners organized and hurried to Cartwright's cabin, but he had fled to the mountains. They started in pursuit of him in different directions, and determined to string him up when they might capture him. The indignation among the residents of

ORDER AT ONCE.

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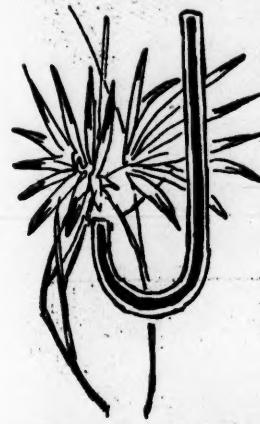
HIS MANY WIVES.

A Man who Fooled Seventeen Michigan Girls into Marrying Him.

A REGULAR BLUEBEARD

List of the Giddy Victims of the Wily Bigamist's Blandishments.

A STORY WITHOUT A PARALLEL.



AMES WELLINGTON ALDRICH BROWN, who was recently arrested for bigamy in Chicago, arrived in Detroit, Mich., a day or two ago in company with Officer Thos. J. Myler, of that city, to answer to that charge. He had an interview with Miss Burnell, wife No. 18, at the Armory, and the result of the conversation was to convince Brown that any fate that might befall him at Detroit would be mild in comparison with what he

might expect in case Miss Burnell might prosecute. He accordingly waived requisition papers and went back of his own volition. He vowed, however, that he would commit suicide, and the officers are firmly of the opinion that he will take his life at the first opportunity. Following is a list of Mr. Brown's wives revised to date:

Miss Ida Kelly, who lived on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, and married Brown in the fall of 1885.

Unknown lady of Muskegon, Mich., for whose sake Brown forsook Miss Kelly, and whom he married in January, 1886.

Annie M. Hagel, of Pontiac, Mich., who married Brown at Pontiac, Jan. 20, 1887.

Miss Bell Burnell, of Auburn, Ill., who was united to the prisoner at Chicago in August, 1887.

May A. Benjamin, of Detroit, who fell a victim to Brown's fascinations Aug. 27, 1887.

Mary Kiel, of Marine City, whom he met in the latter part of September and married in October.

Mrs. Robinson, a widow with a little fortune, whom he ran away with soon after their wedding in December, 1887.

Anna Winters, also of Detroit, for whose sake and purse he forsook Mrs. Robinson. He married Anna in March, 1888.

Mrs. Kate Santelle, the last Chicago wife, whom Brown took to Englewood to live with him. On hearing of his actions she shut up her house and took refuge with a friend in the city.

It is known that Brown was married before he met Miss Kelly, and that another claimant for his hand and name resides at Niagara Falls. The prisoner disclaims the honor of marital ties with the ladies. "I don't know more than half of them," he said, "and while I have had some acquaintance with the others, it is not of a kind to be recognized as a legal marriage."

"Why do you fear going back to Detroit?"

"There is a man there who has sworn to shoot me on sight. I may be acquitted in spite of the perjured testimony I know they will bring against me, but I can hardly escape him. However, I have decided to try it. If I am acquitted and can escape the man who wants my life, well and good. If I don't succeed, they can't make me work. I can always end my life, and I will do it rather than go to the penitentiary."

Brown first attracted the notice of the police in 1885, when he deserted Miss Ida Kelly, a young lady living on Jefferson avenue, Detroit. Miss Kelly discovered that he had at least one wife living, but when she accused him he fled to Muskegon, where she traced him, and found him some months later married to another woman. Brown was arrested for bigamy, and was taken to Saginaw, where he was tried and sentenced to nine months imprisonment in the penitentiary at Jackson. On his way to prison he attempted to cut his throat with a razor. He succeeded in cutting a bad gash on the side of his neck, but his life was saved.

After serving his term Brown went to Pontiac, Mich., and married Annie M. Hagel, with whom he lived but a short time before his wife's brother, eighteen years of age, discovered his past record. The boy was wild with rage and threatened to kill Brown on sight, but the old man heard of Hagel's threat and left town, taking with him about \$300 which belonged to his wife. From Pontiac he went to Ohio, and then came to Chicago, where he located just about a year ago in the family of D. M. Flanders, a grocer, at 1193 West Madison street. For a time Brown seemed content with single blessedness, and boarded in Mr. Flanders' family. Then he furnished a flat and advertised for a housekeeper. From the applicants for the position he selected May Burnell, a handsome girl from Auburn, Ill. She had a few hundred dollars saved up, but when Brown married her, three days later, he took charge of it, and five weeks afterward he ran away with the money, leaving his defenseless grass widow behind. She could find no trace of him, and finally gave up the search.

In the meantime Brown went back to Detroit and a few days after his arrival married Mary A. Benjamin, who had a neat little dressmaking business. She supported him well and he lived with her several weeks. Then he left and Mary found that he had taken with him all

her hard-earned savings. Her house and stock he had mortgaged and she was completely ruined. Instead of giving up in despair and throwing herself into the river, the plucky little woman started on a search for her husband. She had no money to pay her traveling expenses, so she took the agency for a patent corset and pleating machine, and, selling her goods as she went, followed Brown from one town to another on his track, sometimes at fault, sometimes for lack of funds unable to go where she knew that she could find him,

eral delivery. It was this information that ended in Brown's capture. Miss Benjamin informed the police of her discovery, and Officer Tuthill, who was sent here on other business, was told to look out for Brown. A letter had been forwarded from Mount Clemens, and Tuthill was to wait until Brown called for it. On some way the old man got the letter during the detective's absence and Tuthill went home. Then a decoy letter was sent, and Officer Myler was told to watch it. The plot succeeded, and Myler caught Brown as he was

wife and four children living. His startling career in Michigan was begun at Saginaw, where, early in 1885, he married a young woman and his real wife caused his arrest, and he was convicted of bigamy. He received a very light sentence, which he served. When in prison he made an attempt at suicide by cutting his throat. On Jan. 17, 1887, under the name of James W. Brown, he married Annie M. Hagel, a domestic at Pontiac. This is said to be his right name.

He brought Annie to Detroit and left her, taking all her jewelry and wearing apparel of value. On Aug. 27, 1887, he married Mary Benjamin, a domestic employed at 123 Clifford street. He lived with this wife one week, when he left with her few valuables. He represented himself as a widower, and would advertise for a housekeeper, and calling on the one he selected to act as Mrs. Brown temporarily, he would represent himself as a man of means and that in a short time he would want a housekeeper, engaging the girl then and there, and calling again and again, he would finally propose marriage, and the girls in all cases eagerly jumped at the chance of what they thought a good home, without finding out anything more about him. It is a strange fact that every one of them came to like the man very much before he left them.

Skipping over several marriages, concerning which the police refuse to divulge particulars at present, Brown last December married Mrs. Sarah Robertson, a widow of small means. In a week he had her go to her parents, saying he was going to Lansing on business. She did not see him again. Next Brown married a woman at Niagara Falls, but in February last reappeared in Detroit and married Annie Winters, a servant girl employed in a family on Woodward avenue. He lived with her a few days and left with all her salable effects. For the last two marriages in this city licenses were necessary, the law going into effect last November. He gave his name as Brown in each instance, but with different initials. There is likely to be an interesting and complicated situation when Brown is arraigned here. Already a few of his army of amazons have begun to haunt the courts, and they declare they will get even with the trifler unless more police surround him than are usually given to a bigamist.

MIKE CONLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mike Conley made his first appearance before a representative sporting audience in May, 1888, when he boxed Frank Herald, the red-haired Philadelphian, who was then championed by Ned Mallahan. They were to have boxed six rounds. The story of that fight is easily told. Mike was whipped, and in short order, but 30 seconds elapsing from the call of time until he was knocked out. He next fought a draw with Jack Ashton, at Ithaca, the police stopping the fight in the third round. During the winter of '88 he put himself under the tutelage of Johnny Clark, at Philadelphia. While there he met and defeated Sparrow Golden, Bill Gabig, Mike Boden, the "Kanuck," and other hard hitters. His last contest was with John P. Chow, one of the best and cleverest heavy-weights in the Northwest. Mike now makes his home at Ashland, Wis., where, in conjunction with J. D. Hayes, he is running a sporting house. Conley has repeatedly challenged any man in America to meet him in the ring for a good stake, and at present has money up for a match-bar none.

FREDERICK E. BENNETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Frederick E. Bennett is a resident of Boston. His career as a crack pistol shot has been a brief but brilliant one, and he undoubtedly stands to-day the greatest markman with a revolver in this country, and probably in the world. Nov. 4, 1887, he made 357 points out of a possible 1,000 with a Smith & Wesson 44 calibre revolver, 50 yards distance. On Nov. 14 same year, he made 877 points, same conditions. On Nov. 25 he scored 95 out of a possible 100 in 10 shots. Dec. 5 to 10 he made the following scores: 880, 897, 832, 843, 868 and 870. This was the highest score that had ever been made up to that time. April 6, 1888, Bennett made the unprecedented score of 100 points in a possible 100, 30 yards distance, off-hand with a 44 calibre revolver. The bullseye measured four inches in diameter.

CHEVALIER IRA PAINE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ira Paine was born in Hebronville, Mass. In his early days he sang tenor in a quartette with Dave Wambold in the old San Francisco minstrels. He developed into a crack shot and adopted it as his profession. He was created chevalier by the King of Portugal during a tour of Europe. He established his title of champion all-round marksman with the Winchester rifle, the 16-bore Greener shot gun, the Stevens pistol and 44-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, and until his recent defeat at the hands of Bennett, was looked upon as invincible.

DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY.

A Stock Board Broker and a Store Service Line-man Win Thousands.

"Perhaps you were born under a lucky star. Did you ever have your horoscope cast?" was asked of A. T. Waite, who is employed by the Consolidated Store Service Company, at 120 Sutter street.

"No," he replied; "the events of my life never led me to believe that there was any unusual peculiarity in the heavens when I came into the world. I experienced no particular run of luck until I began investing in the Louisiana State Lottery, and even then I did not strike any rich prize until this month. I have been more fortunate in this respect, however, than I hoped to be. A mate like me, who has unsuccessfully endeavored to get along in business for himself, and who, when 40 years old, has been obliged to content himself with a small salary from somebody else, ought to feel that his luck has turned at last when he is in the crowd \$5,000 simply thrown in investment of \$1. The evening before the drawing, which took place last week, I went to a Louisiana Lottery agent here to get a ticket. I had been purchasing one or two tickets each month for about a year, and had won small sums, the first ticket I bought bringing me \$40 and the others small amounts. I was a little nervous and hurried, and so I took the first ticket I got my fingers on. It was a twenty, and the next day I saw that the number I held, 71,678, drew the prize of \$100,000. Of this \$8,000 comes to me."

Mr. Waite is a poor, worthy man, who will know how to make the best use of the gains.

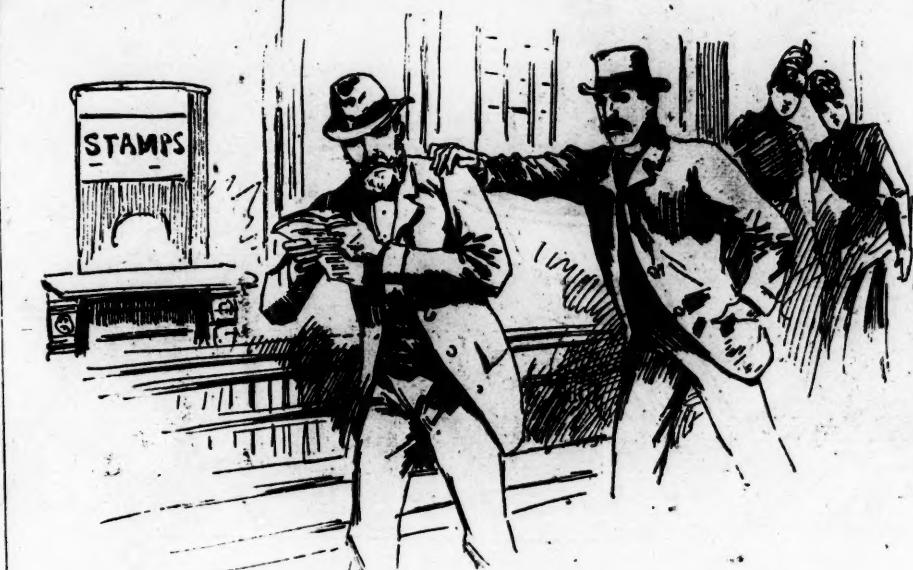
Max Goldman, the stock broker at No. 325 Pine street, was benefited to the extent of \$2,000 in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. He was persuaded by a peddler of tickets who entered his office to take two coupons. Both bore the same number, 90,405, and as it drew \$10,000, and his coupons were tenth, Mr. Goldman materially increased his pile of gold.—San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner June 22.

CAMPAIGN PORTRAITS

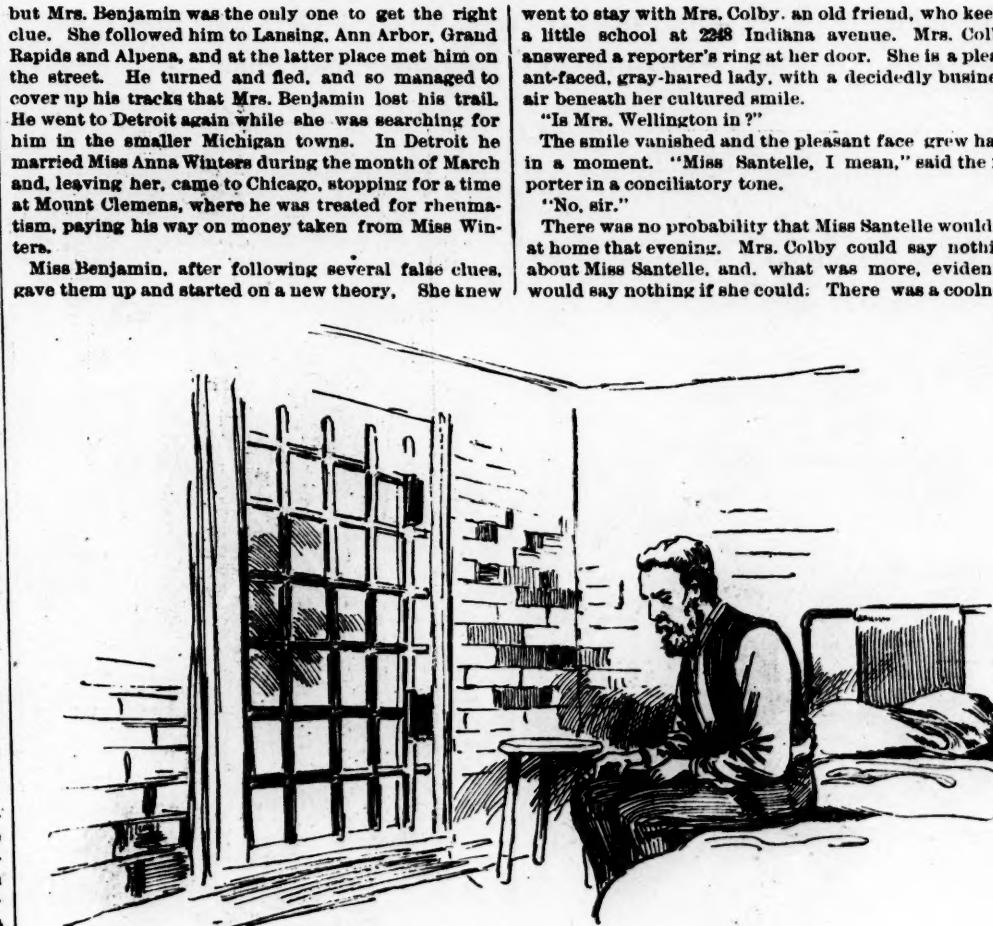
Suitable for saloons, club rooms, barber shops, &c., elegant colored portraits of the Democratic and Republican candidates for President and Vice-President. Send 25 cents for your choice.



BROWN MEETS HIS FIRST WIFE WHILE RUSTICATING AT MT. CLEMENS.



OFFICER MYLER TRAPS BROWN THROUGH A DECOY LETTER.



THE PRISONER MEDITATES SUICIDE.

that Brown was afflicted with rheumatism, and had heard him speak of trying the waters at Mount Clemens. She thought she might find him there, and on going to the springs learned that he had been there and ordered his mail forwarded to Chicago at the gen-

ONLY 25 CENTS FOR THE PAIR.

Don't fail to send for the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman or Harrison and Morton. Only 25 cents for the pair.

in the closed screen door which said as plainly as did Mrs. Colby that Miss Santelle, or Mrs. Wellington, or Mrs. Brown, was positively not at home.

A special from Detroit, July 2, says: William Brown, alias Aldrich, with many other aliases, arrested in Chicago Saturday for bigamy, at the instance of the Detroit authorities, has married no less than seventeen women in this State since 1885. He lived with none of his victims more than ten days. Brown comes from New York State, where, at Rochester, he has a legal



SCOTT PARTIN,

ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD, THIRTEEN YEARS AGO, NEAR RALEIGH, N. C.

ANNIE AHREND,

OF NEWARK, N. J., WHO PUT RAT POISON IN HER PARENTS', BROTHER'S AND SISTER'S COFFEE.

CHARLES A. PITCHER,

THE DEFAULTING BANK TELLER OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., WHO FLED TO CANADA WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF STOLEN FUNDS.



MISSSED THE RAT.

WENDELL WHITCOMB OF KNOXVILLE, TENN., WHILE TRYING TO SHOOT A RAT ACCIDENTALLY KILLS ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS AND FATALLY WOUNDS ANOTHER.



TOO MUCH FOURTH OF JULY.

A GRAND STAND AT AN INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION AT WATER VALLEY, MISS., GIVES WAY, INJURING MANY PERSONS.



"YOU HAVE KILLED ME!"

S. B. KNIGHT AND JOHN BECK OF TAMPA, FLA., TAKE UP A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO BOYS WHICH ENDS IN MURDER.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.



KILLED ON THE DIAMOND FIELD.

A PITCHED BALL STRIKES UMPIRE WILLIAM GRAINEY OF BROCKTON, MASS., IN THE NECK AND FATALLY INJURES HIM.



SHE WOULDN'T TAKE A WALK.

MISS RICHARDS, A PRETTY GIRL AT OMAHA, NEB., BECOMES THE VICTIM OF A SINGULAR CASE OF ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION.



THEY ALL DROWNED.

A SMALL BOAT CONTAINING MRS. GONY'S AND HER TWO GRANDCHILDREN CAPSIZE IN A GALE IN ST. ALBANS BAY, VERMONT.



HIS FATAL INFATUATION.

PATRICK COFFEY, A POLITICIAN OF JERSEY CITY, N. J., SHOOTS AND KILLS THE WOMAN WHO MADE HIS WIFE JEALOUS.

PUGILISTIC.

Keyport, N. J., Witnesses a Slashing Mill with Bare Knuckles.

THE COMING CONLEY-KILLEN FIGHT.

Jim Pell and Joe Wannop are to fight at Grand Rapids, Mich., July 12. The contest is to be according to "Police Gazette" rules; for a purse.

Jack McCauley and Edward Cuffe, middle-weights, are to fight to a finish for \$750 at the Golden Gate Athletic Club, San Francisco, in three weeks.

Billy Leedoom, of Philadelphia, is out with a challenge to meet any heavy-weight in the country, barring Kirraine, for a purse. Here's a chance for Pat Killen.

James S. Paton, of Muskegon, Mich., writes that Joe Sheehey, the champion pugilist of Michigan, who recently defeated Tom Kinnard, is now stopping in the northern part of Michigan. He is a very clever fighter, and one who fights upon his merits. Kinnard has had the name of being the heavy-weight champion of that section, and Mr. Sheehey is going to contest this title with all comers.

Fatay Cardiff, the well-known pugilist, in a letter says that he is ready to meet Pat Killen again, either on the same terms or to a finish. He claims that Killen caught him napping, but he is willing to give him another chance to try the game over again. Cardiff and Donaldson's sporting house in Minneapolis is doing a big business, and Cardiff's accidental defeat has not injured hisistic reputation.

At Boston, on June 30, Ed Holiske, representing Frank Murphy, and Tom O'Rourke, Jack Havlin's backer, deposited in Stakeholder James F. Ormond's hands \$600 to bind more closely the match between these two feather-weights, who are to fight for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the feather-weight championship. In less than a month the final payments will be made, and then Murphy and Havlin will battle for the world's championship.

The backer of George Le Blanche and Jimmy Carroll met to arrange a match for \$600 a side. Le Blanche was eager to arrange the match according to "Police Gazette" rules, and Warren Lewis was also on hand. Billy Madden, who represented Carroll, refused to arrange any match unless prize ring rules governed. Warren Lewis was willing to risk his money if Le Blanche would consent to London rules, but the latter declined to do so, and no match was arranged. Le Blanche has never fought according to London rules, and that is why he did not think the match a fair one.

At Valley Mine, Trinidad, Col., on June 29, a fight took place between George Goldie and Chris Stratton, both coal miners. It lasted 1 hour 15 minutes, at the end of which time neither of them were able to come to time, and each was spitting blood. The fight was declared a draw in consequence, but was slightly in favor of Stratton. It is thought that another fight will be arranged to determine who is the best man. In addition to a small purse that was fought for, there was a deadly hatred between the contestants over the attentions that each of them were paying a certain young lady in the locality where the fight took place.

The following explains itself:

BOSTON, July 6.

To the SPORTING EDITOR—I hereby challenge Jack Mack, of Medford, to fight me a finish battle, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for stakes of \$250 a side. I will allow him to wear skin-tight gloves; I to wear six-ounce gloves. I now deposit with the sporting editor of the "Globe" the sum of \$10, and will meet Mack or his representative at the "Globe" office to draw up articles and post deposit. I will allow this challenge to remain open one week, and at the expiration of that time I will take it for granted that Mr. Mack does not mean business.

TOM MCCARTY.

On July 6 the New York "Daily News" published the following:

SIR—It Jack Varley, the English middle-weight champion, is ready to arrange a match as he proposes with George Le Blanche, let him go to the POLICE GAZETTE office and cover the \$100 I have deposited there, and appoint a time for arranging the match. Le Blanche will meet either Varley or Carroll according to Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side. My deposit will be left for one week, and if it is not covered by July 16 I shall draw my money.

Warren Lewis.

Billy Madden has also posted \$100 to match Carroll against Varley, so that with all the smoke there should be some fire.

The sporting public in England continue to patronize Jake Kirraine, the American champion, and Charley Mitchell, the conqueror of the once only John L. Sullivan. Every exhibition they give is crowded, and their scientific displays are hailed with cheers. Kirraine bears his honors modestly, and does all that it is possible to do to keep the good will and respect of the liberal sporting public and to prove that a champion pugilist can display good breeding and know how to hold his title from stigma and disgrace as well as figure as a hero in the prize ring. The sporting press in England claim that Kirraine is a second Gentleman Jackson, and the most refined and gentlemanly champion that ever represented the Stars and Stripes in England.

In regard to the proposed prize fight for \$5,000 and the heavy-weight championship of the Northwest between Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Pat Killen, the Duluth Stakeholder, J. D. Hayes, the backer of Conley, writes as follows:

ASHLAND, Wis., June 30, 1888.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: Pat Killen refuses to arrange a match with Mike Conley notwithstanding our \$500 forfeit is still up. I furnished you some few weeks ago with all the information concerning our correspondence with Killen. L. B. Little, of the St. Paul "Globe," was chosen stakeholder, \$500 being placed in his hands as a forfeit, and Killen claimed to be satisfied with Mr. Little as temporary stakeholder and he then (May 12) and there agreed to come to Ashland, Wis., May 14, and sign articles for a fight, giving as an excuse that his partner was at Duluth, Minn. But the next thing we knew he and Cardiff had signed articles to fight on June 26, and then he (Killen) said he would come to Ashland, Wis., after his fight with Cardiff and attend to Mr. Conley. But now his fight with Cardiff is off, and it is very evident that he was only blufing and put up his check for speculative purposes, as he now states that he will not fight Conley until the latter gets a record. And he is just as much afraid of Conley now with the latter's present record as a country colt is afraid of the cars, but says he will fight Jake Kirraine. Of course he knew that the sons are between him and the American champion, and he simply wants to secure some cheap notoriety. Last year when an effort was being made to arrange a match between Kirraine and Sullivan, Pat Killen wanted Jake's part, but when Kirraine's backer insisted on matching Kirraine against windy Pat, the latter did not want any part of him. This was just before Jake sailed for England. Now, I will make a proposition to any reliable sporting man in America. If they can get Pat Killen to arrange a match with Conley for \$2,500 a side, with skin-tight gloves, any rules to govern (London prize ring preferred), I will present that lucky person with \$250 for his trouble. I will also agree to appoint a final stakeholder of \$5,000 in addition to the \$250, providing the man who will get Killen to sign articles will also deposit \$250 in some responsible person's hands. In case Killen backs out or has himself or Conley arrested, the party before mentioned is to forfeit the same. I am prepared to sign articles to this effect. We are willing that Joe Manix, who acted as referee in Killen's last fight, shall fill the same office.

Backer of M. C. Conley, Ithaca Giant.

At Weymouth, Mass., on July 2, there was a slashing mill between young Badger, of West Quincy, and Jack McAlon, of East Milton. A select number of sporting men were

present. The fight was in a 16-foot ring, with four-ounce gloves, "Police Gazette" rules. Jack Mulligan acted as master of ceremonies and Jack Burke as referee. Ten rounds were fought and both men had drawn blood before the finish, young Badger getting his in the second round. The fight was given to young Badger in the tenth round on a foul. In the first round the men stepped promptly into the ring, and after sparring for an opening Badger led with his left for McAlon's chin and got there. McAlon threw out his left for the wind, which was cleverly blocked by the West Quincy boy, who got in two more blows. McAlon landed a light one on Badger's bread basket. In the second round Badger again led with his left and caught his adversary on the proboscis, starting the claret, following it up with another, and a body blow. The men clinched, and after breaking away McAlon made a rush for Badger, and succeeded in planting a light left-hander upon the latter's head. In the third round, as in the two previous ones, Badger used his left and fetched his opponent a blow in the mouth. They came together and clinched. When they broke away Badger led for McAlon's head and got there. They clinched again, and as they were breaking McAlon hit Badger in the mouth, amid cries of "foul!"

Badger used his left; McAlon swung out with his left and Badger swung in, giving him two good ones. As they broke away Badger gave McAlon a clean upper cut. McAlon landed a light one on Badger and they clinched. After the break Badger got in two more with his left. McAlon got in a side blow with his left and the men clinched again, and Badger threw McAlon over his head.

Both sparred for an opening. McAlon led for his antagonist's wind, but missed and received a heavy one in the face from Badger's left in return. The sixth round was devoid of interest. In the seventh, after considerable feinting, McAlon led for Badger with his left with a powerful blow. Badger shot under and McAlon's left brought up against the side of the building with a resounding knock.

Badger led with his left, planted a good one in the face, and got there again twice in succession. McAlon led, they clinched, Badger cried out that McAlon was biting him, they broke away, and Badger scored two more blows.

Badger led with his left, and got in three blows. McAlon warmed up toward the last of the round, and as the men broke away from a clinch he caught Badger unaware and put in a solid blow.

In this round Badger had things pretty much his own way. McAlon's conduct during the round gave the battle to Badger on a foul. He had been repeatedly warned against using his dukes while clinching, but persistently ignored the warning. Both men were bleeding from the nose at the finish.

The long-pending battle between Mike Cushing, the well-known light-weight pugilist, and Dan O'Hara, of Greenpoint, L. I., was decided at Keyport, N. J., on July 1. The men agreed to battle on the turf with bare knuckles, under London prize ring rules, to a finish for \$200 a side and a purse. A quiet spot on Long Island was selected as the battle ground, and the arrangements were all completed, when the police gave notice of intentions to arrest all concerned if the battle took place on Long Island. A barn on the turnpike near Keyport, N. J., was selected, a change in the agreement also being made from London ring to "Police Gazette" rules and from bare knuckles to hard gloves. Mike Cushing was born in Elizabethport, N. J., Aug. 6, 1865, stands 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 125 pounds. First battle fought at Elm Park, S. I., with James Clarke beating him in 10 rounds, lasting 45 minutes, March 17, 1888; knocked out Joe Harris, who weighed 160 pounds, 2 rounds, 4 minutes, at Elizabeth, Feb. 7, 1888; beat Ned Hannigan, for gold watch, 3 rounds, New York City, April 12, 1888; beat Jim Liddy, at Coney Island, for medal, 5 rounds, July 25, 1888; boxed with Jack McAuliffe at Madden's tournament, May 15, 1888, 4 rounds; another round was ordered and Cushing was disqualified for clinching; won the New York Athletic Club competition Feb. 27, 1888, beating J. L. Day, Jim Barry, Horton and Wm. Ellingsworth. Since he has gained a deal of notoriety as a fighter, and has whipped such good men as Gallagher and Gibbons, and was defeated by Jack Hopper in 31 rounds, having broken his right hand in the seventh round. Cushing and O'Hara met about three months ago in the parlor of a gentleman's private residence at Fordham. O'Hara assumed the name of Gallagher and was knocked out in five rounds. He was anxious to get another trial at Cushing, and his backers negotiated with Cushing's friends for another match. Dan O'Hara is a sturdy, muscular-looking athlete, twenty years of age 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds. He is the pet of Greenpoint, where he lives, and was anxious to defeat Cushing and gain fame, wealth, andistic renown. Only about sixty persons witnessed the mill, and they paid \$10 each. Cushing was first to make his appearance, dressed in dark blue trunks and stockings and white kid fighting shoes. O'Hara followed him five minutes later, wearing white trunks, gray stockings, and brown canvas shoes. Very few minutes were lost before "Time!" was called for the battle. Cushing's seconds were Jack McAuliffe, the American champion light-weight, and Dan Cleary. O'Hara was in better condition, if possible, than Cushing. He looked to be in perfect health, and his muscles stood out like whip-cords. For several rounds the men played warily with each other, each getting in several good blows on the breast, face and stomach, with some very pretty work at stopping and getting away. O'Hara was very agile. In the fifth round Cushing rushed his man heavily against a door and burst it open. O'Hara would have fallen 30 feet to the ground if his opponent had not caught him about the shoulders and held him up. By the 8th round both men were perspiring freely. O'Hara got first blood in the 8th by a left-hand punch on Cushing's nose. After that Cushing jumped at his man several times viciously, and landed right and left on O'Hara's jaws, ribs and neck. O'Hara prevented half a dozen blows from reaching him and sent back some hot ones on the stomach, breast and side of the head. In fact, there were two occasions between the 8th and 15th rounds where O'Hara bashed Cushing on the neck or ear so hard that the Troy man was partially dazed. But Cushing was almost always on the offensive, and beat the Greenpoint man against the ropes and wall many times. From the 15th to the 30th round the fighting was simply terrific. Cushing did most of the leading, but O'Hara returned many sharp raps. Cushing's rushes began to tell on his less experienced antagonist, however, and O'Hara gradually lost strength as he was slammed up against the rough wall time after time. Cushing had no wind to spare, either, but kept pounding his man on the stomach, jaw and face without mercy. The crowd grew highly excited and cheered continually as the men fought like tigers all over the ring. Great admiration was expressed for O'Hara, who stood his terrible drubbing like a thoroughbred and returned some telling blows. Clinch followed clinch, and the infighting that ensued each was terribly severe. In the 15th round Cushing won two clear knock-downs by lightning-like blows on the chin, and O'Hara, although game, showed evidence of the terrible punishment he had received, but still he was ready to face the music and stand the "battery of blows." On time being called for the twentieth round, O'Hara tottered to the scratch. The blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and his body was torn and bruised as if he had been flayed. He gamely attempted to turn the tide in his favor, however. Cushing was still strong, although he, too, was severely bruised, especially about the face and eyes, his right eye being almost closed. He saw his advantage over O'Hara, however, and rushed in to profit by it. He sent in right and left on the body and face, and O'Hara went down. He arose again and was met by a left-hand upper cut, which spread his nose considerably and laid him flat on his back in his corner unconscious. The watch ticked off ten seconds, time was called, and, he being unable to regain his feet, Cushing was declared the winner. There was loud cheering at the announcement, and Cushing was carried out of the ring and to a neighboring tavern on the shoulders of his friends. The battle lasted 1 hour 16 minutes 27 seconds. It was a great fight, and O'Hara, although defeated, was not disgraced. The battle was one of the most desperate ever witnessed, and while it stamped Cushing as a fighter from Fighterville, it also demonstrated that O'Hara was a plucky pugilist, but outclassed by a superior opponent.

EVERYBODY MAY READ IT.

RECORDED, At, June 20, 1888.
RICHARD K. FOX, Dear Sir: I am a sporting man and story teller, and take over twenty-five so-called leading sporting papers, but the POLICE GAZETTE has been coming to me regularly for over six years. All of my patrons say it is the finest illustrated paper published in the world. Everybody, from the preacher to the lowest darkey, may read it with amusement and profit. My paper is sought after by every one in our town.

F. D. Woods.

SPORTING.

Richard K. Fox Offers Another Diamond Whip for Competition Among Jockeys.

SCRANTON, PA., CALEDONIAN GAMES.

Melvin Foster, the veteran billiard player, died in this city on July 6.

Mike Boden, the Canuck, knocked out Bill Gabig in thirteen rounds, at Coney Island on July 8.

Jack McArdle was knocked out by Tommy Mulhane, in the thirteenth round, at Elizabeth, N. J., on July 1.

The success of Jockey Fitzpatrick's nine has been galling to some of the other jockeys. Trainer Harris has made up a team of jockeys, and he writes that he will challenge the Fitzpatricks for a game. The match can be played either at Coney Island or Long Branch, and the Harris nine does not care whether the stakes are for \$100 or \$500.

At Ballbridge, Ireland, on July 5, Fred Westings, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, won the 100-yard race, W. C. Dohm, New York Athletic Club, second. Daly beat G. E. Gray, of New York, throwing the 55-pound weight. Jordan, of New York, won the running high jump, and T. P. Connell the one mile race. G. E. Gray put the 16-pound shot 44 feet and beat all records. W. C. Dohm won the 220-yard dash.

E. H. Garrison's race horse, Molian, is one of the fastest horses at a mile there is on the turf. It is said that Molian can run a mile in 1:40, which is only within half a second of the record, Ten Broek having run a mile in 1:39½ against time. Probably before the racing campaign of 1888 ends the famous mile time of Ten Broek may be equaled, and if any horse accomplishes the feat it will be The Bard, Emperor of Norfolk, Terra Cotta, George Oyster or Molian.

General Banks' late Barney B., the trotter, is now in great shape, sound, game and kind, and that he is a veritable trotter was settled beyond all dispute by the style in which he put in heat after heat in a hard race of six heats, of which the slowest was 1:16, and the fastest a half second better than the charmed limit. A horse that can stay well up in three heats in 1:30 or better, and then go on and win the race, doing the fourth in 1:30, and the fifth and sixth in 1:29½ and 1:29, good, honest trotting, is liable to be heard from again when the clip is many seconds faster.

A delegation of letter carriers, consisting of L. C. Chason and H. D. Gilley of Baltimore, and Arthur M. Cook of Norfolk, Va., called at this office on July 6, and were shown through the entire building. Mr. Cook was the only delegate from the State of Virginia who participated in the letter carriers' great parade on July 4. The gentlemen expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with every department in this vast establishment, and said that their visit was one to be long remembered. The party intend stopping at Philadelphia for a few days on their way to their respective cities.

Lucky Baldwin has a grievance against the handi-craft that is likely to produce a sensation in the racing world. He complains that that official so weights good horses that they have little or no chance against plugs, and he is about half right. It is likely that before long there will be a good many changes in racing rules and regulations, and many are needed. As it is, the sport is hidebound by English precedent. There should be a board of appeal to revise decisions of judges, and a better method of adjusting weights. The talk about the object of racing being to improve the breeding of horses is all bosh when the best horses are so penalized with weights that plugs and selling platters have often a chance to defeat them.

The Coney Island Jockey Club intend to keep up with the times, and have made an arrangement whereby the finish in the races will be decided by the instantaneous photographic system. The action of the Coney Island Jockey Club in this matter is a step in the right direction, and it will do away with many wrangles over which horse won. No master how honest or capable judges may be, it would be a great pleasure to the public to know that the decisions were in accordance with a picture made by the sun and absolutely in all wise. Then we would have none of the ill feeling that followed two of the close finished at the last meeting. These remarks apply to all other race courses as well as to the one at Sheepshead Bay.

Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish Giant, with his backer, called at this office and issued the following challenge: "I am ready to arrange a match to fight Duncan C. Ross with broadswords, on horseback, with or without body armor, only helmets allowed, for \$1,000 a side, the combat to take place in four weeks from signing articles. To prove I mean business, my backer has posted \$500 forfeit. If Ross is the champion he professes to be, he will at once cover my backer's money and name a day to meet to arrange a match.

CAPT. JAMES C. DALY."

Owing to the wrangle Daly and Ross had at New Orleans over the division of the gate money, both are at loggerheads, and Daly, being anxious to chastise Ross, takes this method of securing an opportunity to do so. Should Ross agree to meet Daly with broadswords, there is not the least doubt that either one or the other will be placed hors de combat.

A disgraceful riot terminated the Fourth of July pleasure at Rockaway Beach. Beer glasses, chairs, bottles and Police Geissel's club were the main weapons used. The row occurred at Alfred Ruland's dancing platform, where fully 500 young men and women were enjoying themselves drinking and dancing. Jack Dempsey, the well-known middle-weight pugilist and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, who was stopping there with his family, did effective work as a peace-maker, gaining for himself considerable applause by the courageous manner in which he quelled the disturbance. When the fight was at its height, and Peter Geissel, the solitary police officer, was battling with the turbulent element, Jack rushed to his rescue. The officer fought fearlessly. His club was broken and wrenched from his hand. Dempsey at this point was doing good work, and it is said that every man he hit was knocked senseless. About 400 participated in the fight. Those who endeavored to escape fled as badly as the principals. Dempsey showed his wonderful pugilistic skill by knocking out altogether some six of the unruly characters.

Prof. John Donaldson and Paty Cardiff are still doing a big business at their sporting saloon, 251 Second Avenue, Minneapolis. Donaldson writes that Cardiff's defeat was purely accidental, and that Cardiff will turn the tables the next time they meet. "Paty," Donaldson writes, "had all the best of the contest as far as it went. I was in favor of him not rushing Killen, but himself and a great many of his friends thought he could stop his antagonist if he forced the fighting, so I let him go. Killen was quite weak in the third round, but came up strong for the fourth, and landed the 'chance blow' that ended the contest. Cardiff is anxious to have another go with him to a finish, but Killen seems satisfied, and wants Cardiff to fight Conley, of Ashland, first. I think that we will be able to arrange a final contest some time this fall, when, if Cardiff is careful, he ought to win. I would like to see Killen meet Conley, but I told Hayes, Conley's manager, quite a while ago that he was only wasting his time trying to arrange with Killen, and he has found out that I told the truth. I think if Cardiff had not been so confident he would have won the contest; but we have got to live and learn, and if we had a dozen contests with men like Killen, I should never look for him to get knocked out again."

Frank Murphy, who is matched to fight Jack Havlin for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette"

REFEREE.

Has Killen's Victory Over Cardiff Given Him a Swell Head?

IT LOOKS LIKE IT.

The great pugilistic sensation is the proposed match between Pat Killen, the Duluth Slasher, and Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world and the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. Since Killen's victory over Cardiff, sporting men of St. Paul, Minn., and the principal cities of Wisconsin have been singing praises to Killen, and noticed him that they would match him to fight Jake Kilrain for \$10,000 a side. Killen's proposed backers were eager to send the now self-styled champion of the Northwest to the front and prove to the sporting public that they were ready to back Killen with "a bar of gold," they should put up one-third of the \$10,000 they claim they will produce to pit Killen against the "Police Gazette" champion, and then ratify a match with Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant.

J. D. Hayes, Conley's backer, is ready to "make the race" for \$2,500 a side, and Conley is eager for the fray. Moreover we understand Hayes has put up \$500 forfeit, and offers any sporting man \$500 that will bring about a match between Conley and Killen before any match is ratified between Kilrain and Killen.

Killen's victory over Cardiff by a chance blow delivered in the fourth round of the contest has made both him and his backer suffer from the disease known as "big head," and the offer of Spencer, Killen's backer, to match Killen against any man in the world for \$10,000 a side is only a big bluff. In the first place, there is only one man in America who ever put up \$10,000 on a pugilist, and that is Richard K. Fox.

In the next place, there is no pugilist, except Jake Kilrain, the champion, that could raise \$10,000, or one-half of that amount, to battle for, and the "Police Gazette" issued at St. Paul on behalf of Killen to fight for \$10,000 is either high for notoriety or issued to frighten off Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, who stands ready to meet Killen, according to London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 a side. Killen recently refused to arrange a match with the Ithaca Giant and withdrew the \$500 he put up when Conley agreed to arrange a match according to terms proposed by the former. After Killen refused to ratify a match for \$2,500, his challenge to fight for \$10,000 looks absurd. If Killen and his backer are eager to arrange a match to fight for \$10,000, the champion of the world, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, all Killen will have to do is to post \$2,500 with the New York Clipper. The money will be covered by a well-known sporting man, and a match arranged on behalf of Jake Kilrain, the champion, for \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and the championship of the world.

Kilrain is the champion and his backer is a sportsman who always puts up the stakes when he agrees to, hence there is not the least possibility, if Killen's challenge is a genuine one and he and his backer mean business, but that both will be accommodated with a genuine match.

Conley, the Ithaca Giant, is ready to ratify a match with Killen for \$2,500 a side, and one would suppose Killen would sooner meet Conley for \$2,500 than risk \$10,000 in a match with Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, in a contest in which, barring some accident, he would not stand a side to chance. Kilrain is the master of any pugilist living, and he can be matched for \$10,000 as quickly as Killen could be for one-third of that amount. Kilrain has fought the best man in the world, and for a larger stake than any pugilist—with two exceptions—ever fought for, and the idea of Killen trying to make the public believe he is a champion simply because he knocked out Cardiff by a chance blow, and a bombastic offer to fight for double the amount of stakes generally fought for, will not go down with the sporting public. Under the circumstances, Killen has the privilege of challenging, providing he puts up the money, but when he has failed to carry out this rule, all we can say is that he is bluffing.

Dissatisfaction at the decision of the judges always has existed and always will. Even in England men still talk about Pretender's Derby, and hint that Poco goes won. But nothing could be more preposterous than for people in the crowd to question the decision of the judges. The integrity of the judges does not enter into the question, and we will not deign to discuss it. It is a question of sight. In a close finish no one is in a position to decide but the judges. The public cannot do so to save their lives. The variation of an inch on either side of the post will change the aspect of the finish. To anyone on the right-hand side the inside horse looks to be the winner, as in Tristam's case, while to those on the left hand or up the stretch it looks as if the outside horse won, as in the case of Tea Tray. When the public attend races they must submit the decision to the judges the same as if they took a case into a court of common law.

If judges' and referees' decisions were not final, what would be the use of the appointment of these officials? When they are selected to act, or appointed by mutual consent, or by an individual, it is the rule that their verdict is final. The judges or referees may be impartial or err in their judgment, but makes no difference concerning the result of a race or any contest, because the decision is final.

Every one will agree that it is unpleasant to have a referee judge or umpire decide that the wrong horse won when he lost, or that John Doe defeated John Doe when the contrary was the case. Nevertheless, the decision stands, and the evil cannot be remedied.

If two men engage to wrestle, run or box, they generally mutually agree upon a referee, or, in some instances, the stakeholder selects one. After the selection is made, what use is it to grumble if the referee decide the match contrary to the result?

The stake and money wagered outside the stake money would have to be paid over according to his decision, no matter whether it was a fair or unfair decision.

In numerous matches for large stakes and contests, in which thousands of dollars have been wagered, Richard K. Fox has had to select or appoint the referee, but only in one instance has the decision of such referee ever been questioned. That was in the foot race for \$2,000 between Quinn and Brennan in the coal regions.

Quinn came to the post to run, and made several pretensions to start, finally he said the time selected to run had passed and claimed the race was off. It was a ruse to save the stakes held by the POLICE GAZETTE and dupe the sporting men, who had journeyed hundreds of miles to speculate and witness the race.

The referee ordered Quinn to run, and allowed him fifteen minutes to make ready. At the expiration of the time he claimed he was sick, which was only an excuse. The referee, however, ordered Brennan to run the course, and after he had done so declared him the winner. The decision was questioned, but upheld. Brennan received the stakes, and Quinn entered legal proceedings to recover his \$2,000, but in the trial he was non-suited.

If racing associations select competent judges, there would be no mistakes; and if pugilists, wrestlers and athletes in every branch of sport would do the same, there would be fewer disputes.

From 1880 to the present time the "Police Gazette" has held stakes and appointed the referee in important rowing races, wrestling matches, prize and dog fights, and the parties

interested have been compelled to acknowledge, if they were not satisfied with the decision, that the referee appointed by the proprietor of this paper, always acted in an independent manner, and gave a fair decision.

The laws of racing are sufficiently comprehensive to prevent all abuses, if they are administered by those who have the courage to carry out their convictions without prejudice, dispensing justice alike to all, not waiting for fouls to be claimed before taking cognizance of palpable fraud. Place competent men in the judges' stand, those able to cope with the bookmakers' problem, and the evils of which these gentlemen are accused can and will be remedied.

In racing there are three factors to be considered—the public, the owners, and the club—and it requires care and skill in the management of the three to give satisfaction to all. Rest assured that however much we may differ on some subjects in all measures leading to turf reforms, none will injure you more than myself.

For some time past Jimmy Griffin, of Boston, has signified his desire to meet Dannie Needham in a fight to a finish or for a limited number of rounds. The latter has stated that he was expecting to meet Billy Myers, of St. Louis, Ill., and Griffin has held back his challenge to Needham because he says he would not interfere to prevent the match being made. Now, however, Needham has signified his desire to accept the challenge of young Dempsey, Griffin thinks that Needham should first give him his attention. Griffin states that he will fight Needham under any rules to a finish or any number of rounds for \$500 a side, which is all the money he can raise. It this does not suit Needham, Griffin states that he will get a purse of \$10,000 in addition. If Needham does not accept these terms the offer of Griffin is open to any 125-pound man in the Northwest.

The American wheelmen who have been over the water to England looking for honors as champion bicyclists have, by their experience with the British wheelmen, learned to do headwork in their races. The English champions do not depend upon speed always in their races, but take every opportunity to worry their opponents and reserve their own strength. They do not expend so much muscular force as American wheelmen do. Howe's ability to speed his wheel was phenomenal in America when he was breaking records, but in match races the Englishman rather outgeneraled him.

By the way, I understand Howell is jealous of the success which has attended the American team in England. Being invincible, the English champion ought to be well able to dispense with such little feelings of envy at well-earned success on the part of his American cousin.

It is not often that a man oscillates between two such extremes as the gospel of brains and the gospel of muscle; yet such was the case with Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the son of America's greatest writer, and himself a novelist of no mean power, who might now have been a rival of Sullivan's instead of a weaver of romances. At college his pugilistic propensities were strongly developed, and while there the Harvard University was honored by a visit from the Bénius Boy—tall, grave, urbane gentleman, with reddish-brown hair and a purple moustache. He wore black broadcloth and a tall hat, and diamonds sparkled here and there.

"I wonder," remarks Mr. Hawthorne, by way of parenthesis, "what the present 'champion of the world' would have done if pitted against that individual." A sand bag was hung up in the college gymnasium; it was suspended by a long rope to the horizontal bar half-way from floor to ceiling. The strongest man in the college, and he was pretty strong, had once hit this bag so hard that it had swung up on a level with the bar.

It was suggested that Heenan should hit the bag. He glanced at it, and stripped off his black broadcloth, and laid it with its lining outward, over the back of a chair. Then he walked up to the bag, poised himself for a moment, and his arm shot out. The bag flew up with an impetus that carried it completely round the bar once, and nearly round the second time. As it hit Heenan shook his head and sadly turned away. No one spoke, but as he slowly inserted himself into the silk lining he remarked: "Boys, you should only have seen me when I was fit!"

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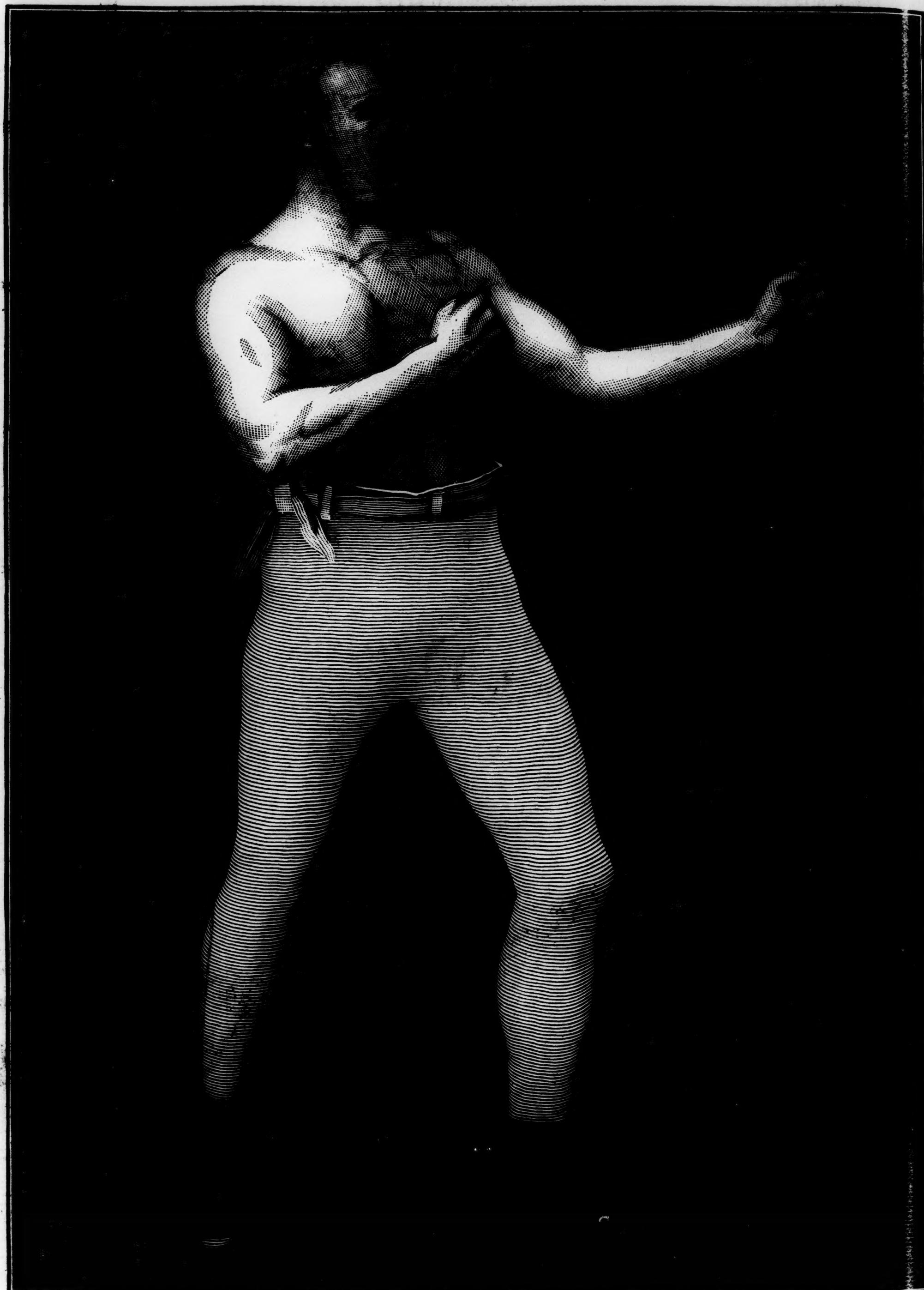
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MIKE CONLEY,

THE ITHACA GIANT, NOW OF ASHLAND, WIS., A GAME AND MANLY FELLOW WITH MONEY
UP TO BATTLE ANY MAN IN AMERICA.



S. W. KIMBLE,
AN EXPERT TRAINER AND INSTRUCTOR IN BOXING, WRESTLING,
CLUB SWINGING AND GYMNASTICS.



GEORGE W. O'DEA,
A CLEVER BOXER OF BIDDEFORD, ME., AND ONE OF THE MOST
POPULAR DOWN EAST SPORTS.



FREDERICK E. BENNETT,
BOSTON'S CRACK PISTOL SHOT, THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
WHO LATELY DEFEATED IRA PAINE.



LOUIS H. HEYMAN,
MANAGER OF THE LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, BASEBALL CLUB AND A
LOVER OF ATHLETIC SPORTS.



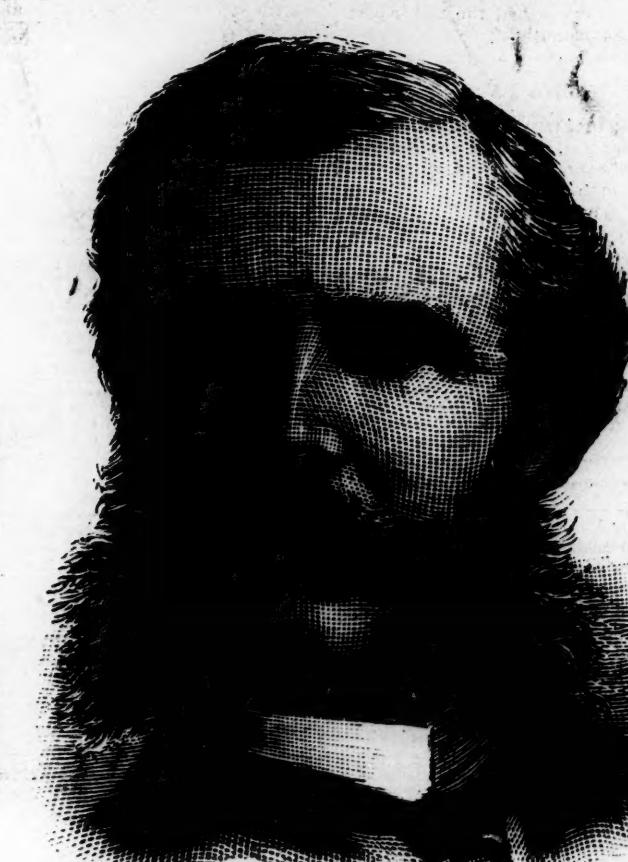
DUNCAN WRIGHT,
A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE SCRANTON, PA., CALEDONIAN CLUB,
AND THE OLDEST PAST CHIEF IN THE STATE.



FRANK H. WAKEFIELD,
OF THE DETROIT "JOURNAL," MANAGER OF THE "JOURNAL'S"
"NEWSIES" BASEBALL TEAM.



CHEVALIER IRA PAINE,
A WONDERFUL SHOT WHOSE PHENOMENAL SKILL WON HIM A
WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.



THOMAS BARROWMAN, M. D.
CHIEF OF THE SCRANTON, PA., CALEDONIAN CLUB, A PROMINENT
MASON AND MEMBER OF THE GRAND ARMY.



BEN GAZWAY,
A POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FOND OF
BACKING SPORTING CONTESTS.

LUCKY BALDWIN,

San Francisco's Millionaire Turfman,
Owner of the Fleet Three-Year-
Old Emperor of Norfolk.



E. J. Baldwin,

"Lucky," as he is familiarly known to the sporting public, is one of the king turfmen of the day, and the owner of the best all-round racing stable on the turf. The crack of his string of runners is the wonderful three-year-old Emperor of Norfolk. This dandy bit of horseflesh is capturing all the rich stakes of the West. He has won every race he started in thus far this year, and up to date his winnings amount to \$40,000. Ike Murphy, the colored rider, and one of the best lads who ever sat in a saddle, is Baldwin's rider. Ike and "The Emperor" make a team well nigh invincible.

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

SPORTING NOTES.

A match has been arranged between George Godfrey, the colored boxer, of Boston, and Peter Jackson, of Australia. They are to meet for a purse of \$2,000 offered by the California Athletic Club.

J. D. Hayes wires in regard to the proposed battle between Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Pat Killen that both Conley and himself would be satisfied with Joe Mannix for referee. The latter was the referee in the Killen and Cardiff battle. J. D. Hayes' offer goes to show that Conley is eager to meet Killen and that they do not want to place any impediment in the way.

J. B. Herrington, who is training Richard K. Fox's team Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, speeded them a mile on Friday in 2:20. He sent them another mile in 2:27, which is very fast. He is confident he will make them do 2:20 or better inside of three weeks and capture the \$500 Richard K. Fox has promised him when he makes them trot in 2:20.—*Daily News*, N. Y., July 7.

About 200 people attended the soft-glove sparring match between Milt Young, of Reading, and Jim Mitchell, of Philadelphia, at Jack Lawrence's Neverland Park. Both men were in splendid condition. Young weighed 145 pounds and Mitchell 128. Jim Kelly, of New York, was called to act as referee. Dick Lawrence and Irvin Closs were chosen as time-keepers. Ike Maurer seconded Young, and John Squent, of Philadelphia, looked after Mitchell. After the 6th round, which was to be the last, Young wanted to spar another, although his nose was about as scarce as Mitchell's mustache. Another round would probably have resulted in his being knocked out. Reference Kelly decided in Mitchell's favor.

"Whitey" Ryan of this city and Jack Murray of Brooklyn fought to a finish, according to London prize ring rules, on Berian's Island, overlooking Long Island Sound, for a purse of \$200. Murray weighed 110 and Ryan 118 pounds. Both are under 21 years of age. While Murray was the most scientific boxer, Ryan proved himself much the better wrestler. Murray being the under man in every fall. In the thirteenth round Ryan closed in and landed a heavy right-hand blow on the neck, causing Murray to go down in a stupor. When time was called for the fourteenth round Murray's seconds were still hard at work on their man, and as he could not toe the scratch Ryan was awarded the battle. The fight lasted 41 minutes. A purse of \$40 was raised before the crowd started back, and it was given to the loser. The whole party experienced a rough time on their return trip to the city, the heat of the sun being intense.

GEORGE W. O'DEA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George W. O'Dea is one of the younger lights of the squared circle. He is a resident of Biddeford, Me., a clever boxer and good all-round athlete.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On last Thursday, Samuel A. Garber was returning to his home in Center township, near Leon, Ia., in his buggy with his daughter Fanny by his side, when a flash of lightning struck and instantly killed him.

LOUIS H. HYMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Louis H. Hyman is the young and able manager of the Lincoln, Neb., baseball club. He is an ardent admirer of athletics, and one of the best-known and staunchest supporters of sports in the West.

MISSSED THE RAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Wendel Whitcomb, of Knoxville, Tenn., was engaged killing rats with a shot gun on Wednesday of last week on the porch of his dwelling. He fired a charge at one of the vermin, but the bullet went wide of the mark. The shot struck both of his daughters, who were sitting on the porch, killing one and fatally wounding the other.

THEY ALL DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Gony, aged about seventy years, living on the shore near St. Albans Bay, Vt., was left alone on Sat-

urday evening with her two grandchildren, five and eight years old respectively. She took the children into a flat-bottomed boat, with nothing but a paddle with which to control the craft. Quite a gale was blowing, and the boat was driven out into the bay. It was finally capsized, and its three occupants were drowned.

SHE WOULDN'T TAKE A WALK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Richards, a young lady at Omaha, Neb., while going to visit friends, a few nights ago, lost her way and wandered near the circus grounds in that town, where she was accosted by an unknown man who claimed to be a police officer. He asked her to take a walk. She refused, whereupon he threw a small chain over her neck and attempted to force her to accompany him. Her screams for help were heard, and she was promptly rescued. The man made his escape.

SHOT TO SAVE HIS MOTHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Constable Thomas Woods of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was shot dead by Frank Edward Brouty, while he was trying to arrest him on Saturday afternoon. Brouty says the constable drew a revolver and fired a shot at him, which missed. He (Brouty) beat a hasty retreat. His mother at this point interfered to prevent the constable from pursuing her boy. A scuffle ensued between the woman and constable, when Brouty killed the latter with a shot gun.

TOO MUCH FOURTH OF JULY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In the little city of Water Valley, Miss., on July 4, a grand stand full of people fell with a crash, burying 400 men, women and children in the ruins. About 50 persons were taken out with broken limbs and bodies bruised in almost every conceivable manner.

No one was killed outright, but several of the victims were believed to be fatally hurt.

The occasion was the usual Fourth of July meeting of the Tallabusha Fire Association, and great crowds of people from adjacent towns had assembled to witness the day's sport.

S. W. KIMBLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Prof. S. W. Kimble was born May 25, 1849. He enlisted and served eighteen months in the late civil war. On his discharge he secured the position as instructor of gymnastics in the Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he remained sixteen years. He has held a similar position with the Baltimore Police Department, Empire City A. C., of Englewood, N. J., and the Harlem A. C., New York. Among his pupils were the late Joe Quinn, J. J. O'Brien, and Jim Pilkington, of the Golden Oar, Harlem, all of whom have won championship honors.

FRANK H. WAKEFIELD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank H. Wakefield, sporting editor of the Detroit Journal, was born in Massachusetts in 1860. He became connected with the Journal two years ago in the capacity of a criminal reporter. His abilities gained him rapid promotion. He was made sporting editor and manager of the Newsboy team the past spring. The team has made two trips under his management. The last closed July 4 at Philadelphia. Both tours were carried through successfully, and the boys returned to Detroit without an accident. He is the youngest baseball manager in the country and the first to take a newsboys' ball club about the country.

HIS FOOT SLIPPED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Peter Richards, a young man of eighteen years, residing at Ellenville, N. Y., was killed at the depot at that place on Thursday evening of last week. A number of boys have been in the habit of congregating at the depot on the arrival of the train from New York, and help turn the engine at the turn table, evenings. Richards was in the baggage car on the evening in question when the train backed up, and after the car on which he was on board was cut loose from the passenger car attempted to jump ahead to the latter. Either the distance was too great, or his foot slipped, and he fell on the track, his head across the rail, when the wheels of the baggage car crushed the upper part of his head and killed him instantly.

MET CAPT. WEBB'S FATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Robert W. Flack, of Syracuse, met his death at Ningara Falls, N. Y., on the afternoon of July 4, while trying to make a trip through the terrible Whirlpool Rapids in a life-boat of his own invention. The current runs over twenty miles an hour, but Flack's boat was tossed about and turned over so much that over three minutes were required to get to the whirlpool. Three or four times the boat was apparently completely submerged or turned upside down. Finally it shot into the maelstrom and there it remained for an hour, floating bottom up, until it neared the Canadian shore close enough for swimmers to venture out and secure the boat and its dead occupant. Flack was probably dead within four minutes from the time his boat entered the rapids.

SHE CAUGHT A TARTAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Great excitement was occasioned in Nashville, Tenn., a few afternoons ago. Two women appeared to be watching the door of a prominent real estate office on Union street, when suddenly one of them darted in, and there was yelling inside. The startled clerks saw a woman walk briskly in, and, approaching another woman who was paying her rent, jumped on her and proceeded to pound her and jerk her all over the house. All the clerks but one jumped out of the window, but this one tried to get the women apart and got badly scratched himself. The attacked party did not resist and could not get out of the way. When they were separated it was found that the battered party was Mrs. Boyd, an assignation house keeper, and the assailant was Mrs. Kile, whose husband had been frequenting the Boyd house.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

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[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

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BLANCHE WALSH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Walsh, the pretty blonde-haired, blue-eyed daughter of Hon. Thomas P. Walsh, made her first bow to an audience from a public stage on the night of Sunday, July 1, in the Windsor Theatre, at a benefit for the family of the late Dr. William Dwyer, for many years an esteemed resident of the Seventh ward. Miss Walsh assumed the role of poor little Elaine, reciting the story of Lancelot's treachery, fairly captivating her hearers by her charming rendition of the part. The house was packed, and the fair debutante carried it by storm. Miss Walsh is but fifteen years of age, and is a graduate of Twentieth Street grammar school. She is a large girl for her age, fond of exercise, a fair horsewoman, and clever sculler; owns her own shell, and spends several hours each day in the saddle and on the water. She is an apt scholar and has a decided talent for the stage, which profession she is studying for.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS are reliable. See advt.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

SIYIPIHILLIS

—CAN BE CURED BY OUR—

MAGIC REMEDY.

The Only known cure for Syphilis. Guaranteed to be infallible.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Syphilis has heretofore baffled all medical science. It is no secret among skilled Physicians that they have no cure for this disease.

We challenge the world to bring to us a case we cannot cure in from 20 to 40 days. We will contract with patients to effect a cure or refund all money.

COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

Rooms 10 and 11, U. S. National Bank Building.

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